THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 27, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, September 27, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

Gilbert N. Fletcher

ANNA NEAGLE

The latest portrait of the lovely young actress who has made such a success of the part of Sari in the film version of "Bitter Sweet," which has just ended its run at the Carlton. Anna Neagle has been doing film-work for three years, and has not appeared on the London stage since she made her big hit in "Stand Up and Sing" two years ago

Oratory Wedding

Major J. S. N. FitzGerald, Irish Guards, and Mrs. T. C. Barber, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Cecil Barber, and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Hedley, were married last week at the Brompton Oratory. Mrs. Barber was attended by her small daughter, Miss Susan Iona Barber

Swaebe

Advance Guard of the Little Season: the Supper-Table Reg

Dormice are going to sleep for the winter: restaurants in London, on the other hand, have woken up for supper. Mr. John Fawcus and Miss Heather Thatcher were a sign of the times at the Café de Paris last week

Miss Katherine Horlick Monseigneur on its "w gay pink and silver comp Horlick was having

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT

"The Bystander's" Potted Social

"MY DEAR, Emerald's back, you know!" Yes, I did know it; all "the Faithful" and those who talk of her as "Emerald" behind her back and "Lady Cunard" to her face have been gratuitously broadcasting this striking feature of the Little Season. The Court has not yet returned from Balmoral. Miss Olga Lynn is with us again, organising, arranging, preparing, always preparing. She has been scrambling up Alps, at Badgastein, a sight to astonish the worthy Tyroleans.

Daylight News

The **Duke of Atholl** seems to be "lunched" every day. At Claridge's many heard more about "the fund": it closes on Saturday—somebody sure to benefit, for the Duke is a bulwark of Empire.

In the **Ritz** at one o'clock have recently been sighted Alanova, Lady Lavery, Mrs. Ansell, Mrs. Simon Brand, and Miss Monica Sheriffe, who took up yachting quite seriously this summer. Fear that all those seen in lounge at luncheon hour are not genuine "lunchers": notice small sausages already discontinued by management, who hope to discourage these shirkers.

Miss Jeanne Stourton usually seen flitting about in latest "no-hat" fashion, representing Mr. Selfridge at every corner. Lady Smiley looks happy: understand she and Sir Hugh are "blessed-eventing." Lady Charles Cavendish remains at Lismore Castle for the same reason. Has daily argument with Mrs. Villiers Stuart on respective merits of Lismore and Dromanna, the adjoining property; Mr. Cecil Beaton been in the vicinity—is now known as "Saxy."

At Grosvenor House was **Foyles Literary Luncheon,** held on H. G. Wells's birthday: a thousand people present, not many Mayfairers, which was a pity, as the great writer spoke on "Intolerance." Lord Horder sat in the chair, and wondered what use chairmen were at luncheons.

Dress

A great week for **dress shows**: after a visit to Idare's one has no need to hear George Robey in Trocabaret—watching Miss Celia Palmer announce the exhibits should be quite sufficient.

Mr. Derek Patmore provided a lyrical outburst in his brochure upon Nicolls' autumn creations. "As the dazzling cavalcade goes by, keep your eyes open for some special thrills—'Squareface,' with its checks of raised bubbles, 'Hundreds and thousands,' adorably warm and light as feathers, with its surface sown with tiny pin-head blisters." Oh, boy!

Fortnum's also did the same sort of thing: should much have liked to see Major Roger Wright, one of the directors, parading the mannequins.

Drink

Many aviators, with accompaniments, went to **Rheims** for the "Bienvenue aérienne": this reception held to foster goodwill between aviators and champagne. Large banquet given in the cellars, dancing quite popular, champagne very popular, nocturnal ramble in the twelve miles of cellar even more popular. Mme. Pol Roger very attractive; also her sisters. Comtesse de Polignac's black poodle was clipped like a cowboy's boot. Record year reported for champagne: consider it well needed after inroads caused by this visit. Prince and Princess Alphonse de Chimay, Mr. Gordon Selfridge junr., Lord Hindlip, Lord Donegall worthily represented us.

Weddings

A fair amount of excitement in the matrimonial market these days. So far this year there have been about fifty-three non-acceptors for the marriage stakes. What has Love, the handicapper, been up to?

Miss Meyrick is due at altar on Friday: hope she will not mistake the date. Some disappointment felt that she is not marrying a Peer—however, there's a peer-ish sound about the name, St. Aubyn.

Punch's will miss the **Hon. Arthur Eliot** on departure for his honeymoon after wedding to Mrs. Brownlee. Heard "Arthur" had more sciatica trouble: he missed many "dates" during the summer due to this ailment.

Theatres

In the theatrical world we have had *A Sleeping Clergyman* at the **Piccadilly,** and one or two sleeping figures in the stalls during its last Act—the rest was good.

At the Queen's, **Ernest Milton** says in five minutes what anybody else would say in one—but it's in the grand romantic style, Italian costumes, daggers, and falling comtesses.

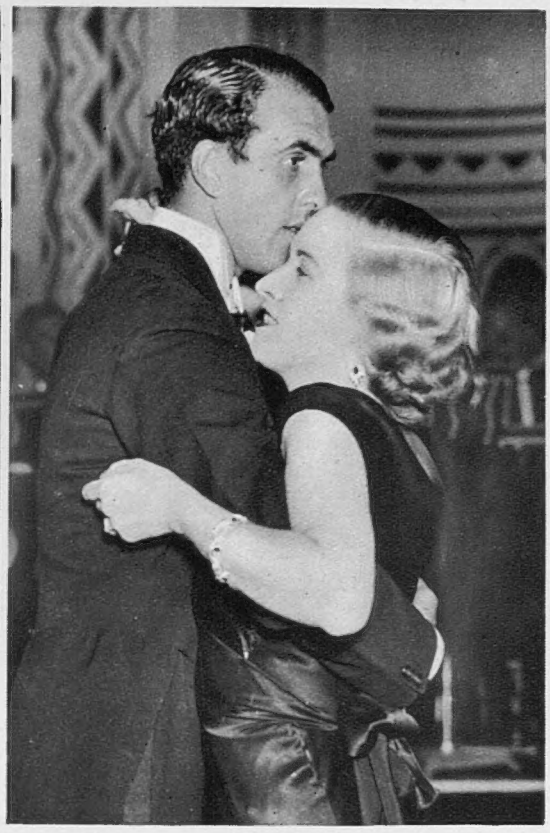
Tauber at the Aldwych singing in *Lilac Time* better than he broadcasted from B.B.C. house—no Nazis admitted in his cosmopolitan company: admire for being proud of his Jewish origin.

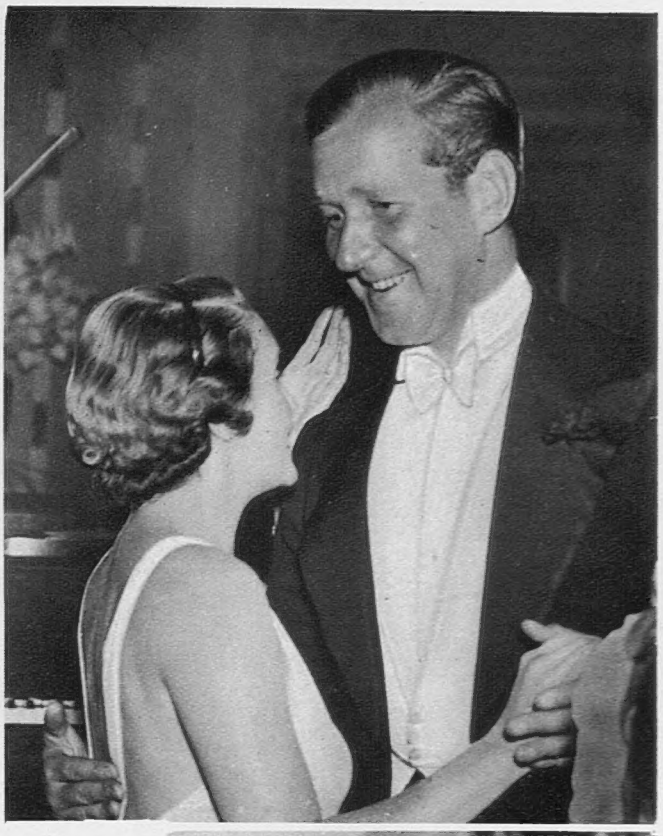
Musical Note

A brilliant young English soprano is **Sybil Crawley,** of the gigantic "Crawley Clan": is singing at Sadler's Wells, and was "loaned" to Metropolitan Opera

Re-appear

ne of the "familiars" at the ip" night last week; it has a fter its holiday sleep. Miss ith Mr. Kenneth Wagg





Swaebe

Two more views of the Monseigneur on its opening night, the one on the left having as its foreground Mr. Philip Kindersley and Lady Brougham and Vaux; on the right are Mr. "Eddie" Tatham and Lady Inverclyde

• TOWN

Diary of the Week

Company for *Tannhauser*. Great future predicted for her by Frida Leider, when singing with her at Monte Carlo this Spring.

Night Life

A blaze of activity in the night-club world. The opening of the **Monseigneur** showed us that "everybody" is about again. Mr. "Eddie" Tatham gave a large party prior to his departure to New York—will teach Americans how to enjoy good liquor. Raquel Torres, dark Southern beauty, much admired. Mr. Randolph Churchill, with June, invited himself to the Tatham party—grudgingly condescended to try to enjoy himself. Simpson sisters, Kate Horlick, Vi Braxted, Joan Buckmaster, John Buckmaster, Sybil Pim, Benita Hume and Jack Dunfee (*when's* the wedding?), Norah Stewart Browne. Would any of these ever miss a party? The Charles Sweeneys looked soulfully happy together: they always danced together.

It was at **Ciro's** opening night when Lady Cunard elected to re-appear to Mayfair. Long and effusive greetings to all at the same table. Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby are again the leading spirits in the Club (no, they are *not* "dance hostesses," as some callous youth remarked, hopefully eyeing Lady Milbanke's charms). Mr. Ronald Aird, the assistant secretary of M.C.C., still looked very worried about those seven "ducks" in the M.C.C.'s Eastbourne match: the Indian tour, and the coming Australian visit are as nothing to this fearful phenomenon.

The Ranee of Cooch Behar is back: she is not so slim as she was. Lord Brougham and Vaux sailed round with a blonde whose name I did not catch. The Simon Marks' had a big table: would you be surprised to learn that in the party were the Norman Laskis, Mr. Bobby Behar, and the John Goodendays? There was a negro singer, as at Monseigneur: no judge of negro singers, so refrain from comment. Sylvia Sidney must be a sweet dancing companion: she rests her forehead on her partner's chin.

Mr. John Douglas Little, the son of Mr. J. D. Little, of Hoylake, and Mrs. Janice Vaughan Smith, the daughter of Mrs. George Vaughan, of Hamilton, U.S.A., after their wedding at the Savoy Chapel

A pre-burglar-chasing snapshot of Lord Dudley watching an event at the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban with Lady Weymouth

This Week

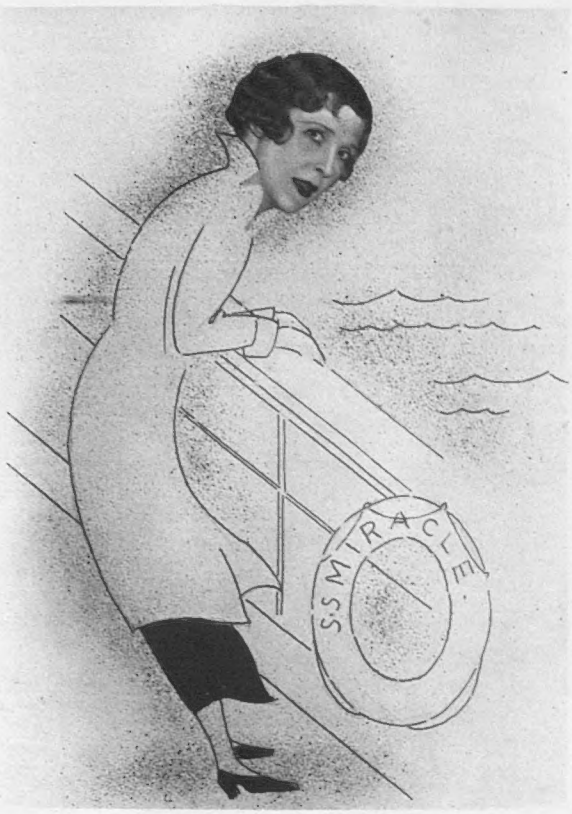
Flower Show at Olympia. Racing—Rowley Mile Course. Re-opening of the Embassy Club; "everyone" will be there, so slight crush is anticipated.

Next Week

At the Café de Paris, Josephine Baker: the band there now is Billy Gerhardi's.

MR. PEEPS.

• PERSONALITIES



Lady Diana Cooper
She is a very bad sailor

Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger
Looks extraordinarily attractive in Red Indian dress

Baroness Burton
Has more prizes for her Cairns than one remembers

• **LADY DIANA COOPER,** who has just returned to London from Austria, is still England's most beautiful woman. She was born in 1892 and has always been unbelievably lovely. Her eyes, which are, perhaps, her most striking feature, are such a pale blue as to seem almost transparent, giving her the ethereal, Madonna look which she has made world-famous in *The Miracle*. She is beautiful always, even after a sea voyage. (N.B.—She is a very bad sailor !) She is a most enthusiastic person, enjoying everything, so it is little wonder that people like to entertain her. She is a living contradiction of the saying : " Beauty and brains do not go together." She is devoted to her only child, John Julius. She has a clever Parliamentary husband, an artistic mother, a slow, dignified walk, dead-white skin, and no annoying affectations.

• **BARONESS BURTON,** who has come south from the " bonny Highlands," has a hearty personality. Her Christian names are Nellie Lisa ; her married name is Melles, and her maiden name was Bass. She is the best possible company, being invariably amusing in a deep, ringing voice. She is the kindest person imaginable and the most outspoken. People either adore her or are frightened of her. She is literally " a good sort " in its most complimentary sense. She likes a story against herself and has a rich, broad humour. There could never be anything petty or narrow-minded about her. She has had two sons, two husbands, more prizes for her Cairns than anyone can remember, and, in modern slang, she is a " grand person."

Mr. Gordon Selfridge Junior
Wears square-shouldered suits and straw boater

• **MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE JUNIOR** was at Rheims for one of the largest international flying meetings ever held, when 300 people had dinner in the wine-distributing hall with the " Champagne Chief." He is a good-looking young man, in a forceful square-jawed American fashion. He talks intelligently, works harder than almost any other young man in London, and has very little time for anything social. He takes an intense interest in progress and is a prolific reader. He has a house in Farm Street, but few people are fortunate enough to be his guests. He wears square-shouldered suits, a straw boater, and has a very up-to-date, covered-with-gadgets car. He has also personality, ambition, a sense of values, attractive eyes, badly-made shoes, and he drinks no alcohol at luncheon.

• **MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER,** who had the honour of dining with their Majesties at Balmoral, is a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld. She is dark and her Christian name of Myrtle suits her. A determined person, with a great deal of charm, and courage which enables her to enjoy life in whatever circumstances she finds herself. She is often busy, and her friends accuse her of being, at times, vague and forgetful of sociabilities. She has a rather wistful, wide smile and very dark eyes, which look " fey." Every year she appears at the Albert Hall in *Hiawatha*, and looks extraordinarily attractive in Red Indian dress. She has one daughter, called Zoë, a collection of topazes, a reputation for clever journalism, many friends, and blue blood.

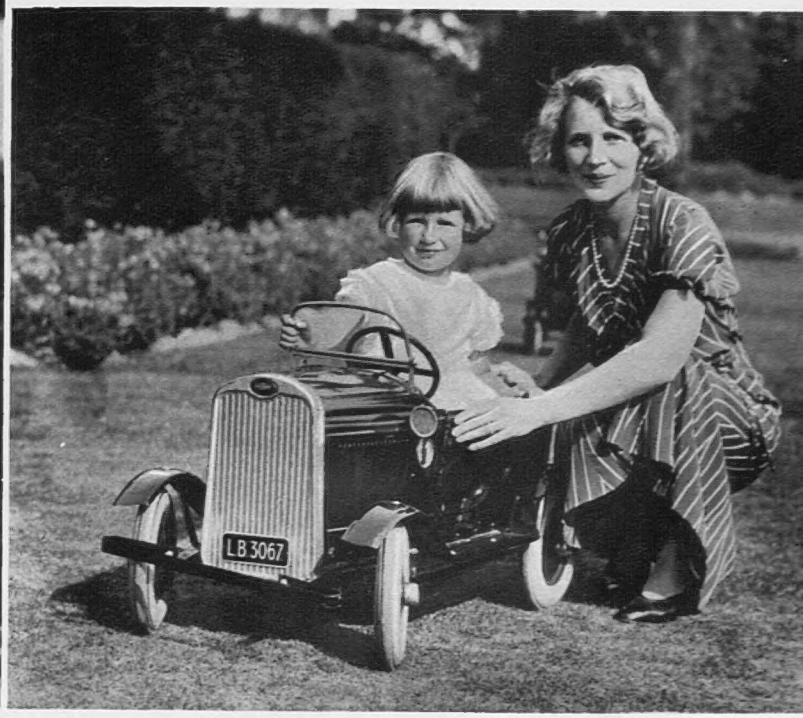
PETER PEPPER.

Intimate Snapshot

(or, What Have You?) Department

The Barford Twins and their Mother Swaebe

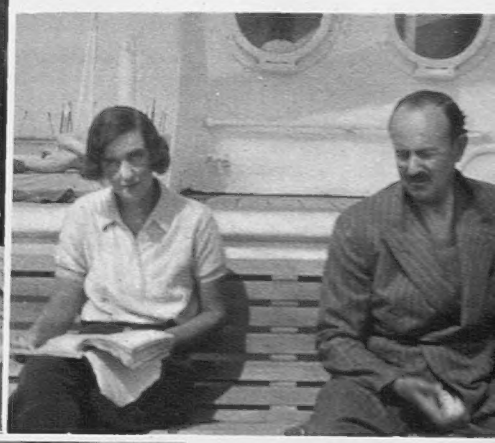
Above are the Hon. Mrs. Barford and her twin son and daughter. Mrs. Barford is Lord Ashfield's younger daughter, and married Mr. Edward Barford in 1928. The twins have an elder sister, Edwina, who was born in 1930



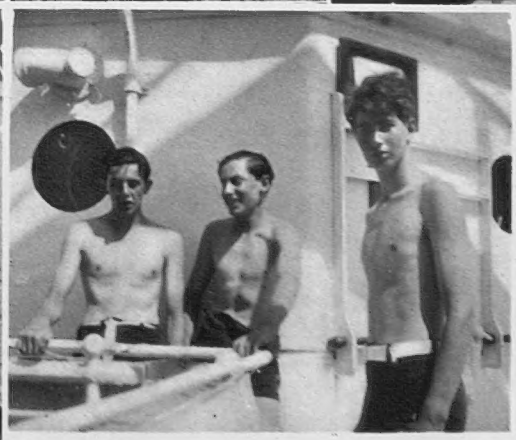
A Sub-Deb in her Sports Car Swaebe

Another country week-end photograph, of Lady Worthington-Evans and her four-year-old daughter, Sarah. The Worthington-Evans' have a house at Limpsfield, in Surrey, as well as one in London

Right: Sir John and Lady Lavery went to the Piccadilly Theatre to see the opening performance of James Bridie's play, "The Sleeping Clergyman," which was the most important date in the first-nighters' diary last week



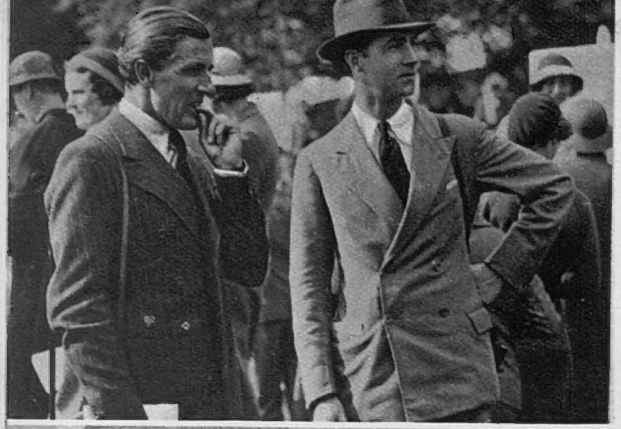
Below: Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, Lady Seafield, Mr. Anthony Downing, Miss Daphne Kingsmill, and Mr. Billy Milton sun-bathing on board Mr. and Mrs. William Burton's yacht, Clever Girl, at Cannes



Another trio of passengers who went on the Hellenic Travellers' Club cruise: the Hon. Robert Cecil, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, and the Earl of Oxford and Asquith

Venice to Troy: A Hellenic Cruise

Viscountess Cranborne and Lord Cochrane, the Earl of Dundonald's son, on board the Kraljica Marija, on which the Hellenic Travellers' Club went cruising in the Eastern Mediterranean, and especially all around Greece, for three weeks



At the top: Mr. L. R. Miller, the Marquess of Waterford's brother-in-law, and Lord Charles Cavendish at the Powerstown Park Races, near Clonmel, Co. Tipperary

Above: Miss McGrath, Miss Lean, and Miss Ritchie in the rain at the Royal Caledonian Hunt and Western Meeting at Ayr

A Racing Reverie

Doncaster Sales—and Sells.

By "Regular"

"YOU 'RE wanted on the telephone"—a persistent voice eventually roused me from my slumbers. The hall-porter at Barnby Moor may be everything in the world to his family at home, but he was a pain, and a very bad pain, too, to Uncle Regular at 9 a.m. on the morning after the Leger.

I HAD dined with Kid Kennedy, wined with Jumbo Joliffe, had liqueurs with the Glorneys, grasped the hand of victorious Tommy Weston, and had a table adjacent to the Drummonds and jockey Beasley. What a night! you exclaim: no wonder poor old Uncle threw a couple of aspirins back on his way to the telephone.

THERE was no mistaking that voice at the other end of the line, which happened to be no farther away than the Danum Hotel, Doncaster. It was our old friend Ferdinand Ulysses King. Would I meet him at Old Tattersall's Wholesale Store? This I correctly interpreted to mean the sale paddocks. Of course I would. Bad head and all, I could not miss such a chance.

FOR years I had stood trembling on one of the lower rungs of that unstable affair, known as the social ladder. Mr. King, with a few swift nods of his head, would raise me to a social pinnacle I had only dreamed of in my more intoxicated moments.

UNDER my guidance and at my instigation, Ferdinand Ulysses would BUY. He would make the bids of Lord Glanely, Sir Alfred Butt, Prince Ali Khan, and Sir Wyndham Portal look like so much chicken food. High Priest Somerville Tattersall would laugh himself silly at their bids of five thousand, knowing that Uncle Regular's protégé, the wolf of Wall Street, would go to ten thousand without blinking.

THINK of it—I should be a popular hero. J. J. Maher would be round my neck, Sir Richard Sykes would dedicate a whole suite at Sledmere to me, and have Lady Helena Fitzwilliam arrange the furniture. Lord Furness would never let me leave his yacht, while Freddy Stapleton-Bretherton and the FitzGeralds would introduce me to all their smartest friends, who 'd have to be frightfully civil; and when I got home I should be able to call them all by their Christian names.

THEN, when Ferdinand was looking round for a trainer, think what power would be placed in my hands. Not even Vandy Beatty would turn up his nose at fifty thousand pounds' worth of blood-stock. Imagine, I might even have the entrée to a stable which has the patronage of Captain and Mrs. Kellett!

SUCH ideas went to my head like strong wine, and mixing with what I had had the night before, caused me to feel a trifle unsteady when I met the great Ferdinand Ulysses an hour or so later at "Tattersall's Wholesale Store."

"WHAT a gol-darned shame," were his first words. To my request that he

Extreme left: Miss Scott and Lady Buchanan-Jardine at Musselburgh Races, rather doubtfully looking for winners

Left: another photograph, at the stormy-weather Western Meeting at Ayr, of Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Lady Milton

Below: the Hon. Lavinia Strutt and Miss Ruth Primrose, walking round together between races at Musselburgh

should be more explicit, he continued, "Well, fooling a nice old guy like that. Look at 'em," he went on. "There 's him," pointing to Sir Alfred Butt, "bid three thousand; him," pointing to Joe Lawson, "bid four thousand; and him" pointing at Lord Glanely, "five thousand, and that old guy 's taking them seriously They ought to know better."

"But they are deadly serious," I expostulated. "They all want that colt terribly badly." "Like hell, they do," was the reply. "D 'you mean to tell me that three men, to all outward appearances sane and God-fearing citizens, are prepared to pay thousands of pounds for a little runt of a horse that 's never run, and very likely never will run, and even if it does run, won't run fast enough?"

When I assured him that this was the case, and explained how chic it was to buy yearlings, his expression of disdain made plain to me that, although Ferdinand Ulysees King had been one of the biggest sellers Wall Street had ever known, he would never be a big buyer—at any rate, at Doncaster.

The hours I had wasted on the wretch, the lies I had told him of parties with smart people I hardly knew; of the five to one Tommy Graves had laid me Hyperion; of the courteous bow I had received from the four horsewomen, the cheery nod from Lord Blandford, and the free badge to the Members' Enclosure from Bibury Racecourse!

All for nought, and it was with a heavy heart I made my way to the course for this the penultimate day of the great meeting at Doncaster. When I arrived in the champagne bar, anybody who is anybody seemed to have congregated to drink to Sir Richard Sykes and congratulate him on a wonderful sale, and to secure enough Dutch courage to tackle what looked like a very difficult programme.

The presence of Smut and Leila made it seem so like "the Flower Shop" that there was just no difference at all. Sir Wyndham Portal, who knows a good thing when he sees one, as had been proved by his activity at the sale paddocks, watches others throw it back, while Captain Fielden looks tremendously preoccupied. Under the influence of so much congenial society I become reflective, and I wonder how Mrs. Leslie always manages to look so smart, and how Earls and trainers always manage to afford champagne.

On the last day we were treated to a race called the Doncaster Cup. The race itself is all right, but Richards and Beary made it into a farce.

Beary has ridden Nitsichin in all her races, so presumably he knows more about her than I do, but that was how it struck me. I have often exhausted my superlatives over Gordon Richards but I think on the Friday of Leger week, on Look, Typhonic and Fonab, he rode three of the most marvellous races of his wonderful career. The straightest jockey that ever rode a horse, one of the most delightful people I know, and the greatest jockey in the world. Gordon is a national asset, and we 're terribly proud of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Grace at the Powerstown Park Races, Clonmel. Mr. Raymond Grace is Sir Valentine Grace's only son

The Hon Jean Elphinstone talking to Admiral Sir John Green at the Edinburgh Autumn Meeting at Musselburgh

Below are three more of "the field" at Musselburgh, always one of the most popular of the Scottish race-meetings: left, Lady Elizabeth Murray; centre, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton; and, right, Lady Alington

Below: Miss Iris Grenfell and Miss Betty Rumbold, two North Berwick habituées, at the Musselburgh Meeting

Sportfolio

Left: Miss B. Batt, Miss L. Thorn, Miss E. Dicken (winner), and Miss M. Whitmarsh, the last four in the Girls' Championship at Wimbledon

Right: Sir William Morris playing an approach shot at the Automobile Golfing Society's autumn meeting at Huntercombe Golf Club, near Henley-on-Thames

Gordon Richards

Above, centre: Lord Ebbisham, who captained a team of famous cricketers against Ashtead, chatting to G. O. Allen (left) and H. T. O. Smith, two members of his team

Above: Major Guy Bennett, who is relinquishing the Secretaryship of Sandy Lodge to succeed the late F. P. le Marchand as Secretary to the Sunningdale Golf Club

Left: Gordon Richards, the wizard on a horse, who, despite a recent serious air crash, continues to ride winners

Right: Mr. Roger Wethered, the famous golfer, with Mr. Jack Jarvis, equally famous as a trainer, having a round of golf at North Berwick previous to going to the Edinburgh races at Musselburgh

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Christians, Awake! Salute the Happier Maugham

"Sheppey," at Wyndham's

HAVING knocked hell out of the war, in *For Services Rendered*, Mr. Maugham proceeds to the more merciful task of de-bunking Christianity with a sweepstake ticket.

Sheppey is Camberwell's answer to Christ's counsel of perfection—"Sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor." "Sheppey," Jermyn Street's champion seller of hair-tonic, popular with the gentry and partial to a glass of beer and a bob each way, wins £8500 in the Irish Sweep.

The very day of his windfall his warm heart had been moved to pity in the police court. The petty thief he had given in charge was just the same as himself. The discovery had given him a shock. The plight of his friend, the prostitute, moved him even deeper. So he brought her quixotically into the shop to share in the rejoicings, and after the excitement and the champagne and the fainting-fit (Sheppey had an ominously weak heart), religious mania set in with a vengeance.

Act One (deft light comedy in the barber's salon) barely reaches the outskirts of the big theme. Mr. Maugham gets to grips with the hundred-per-cent. Christian ideal in the Sheppey parlour in Camberwell. What are conscience and belief to do? Distribute half-crowns, while they last, to sundry lame dogs or follow the economists and bank the money? Is it better to house the remanded thief and the out-of-luck prostitute, or give your wife a tweeny and a slap-up wedding to your daughter and her too-superior Board School teacher?

Sheppey, fortified by the Bible, refuses a partnership, and throws up his job. I thought that was odd, because his money wouldn't last for ever; but I suppose he couldn't cut the hair of the aristocracy, in whose attitude to charity he had a touching faith, and look for deserving cases at the same time.

What Camberwell lacked in finesse when the battle reached fever heat, it made up for in plain speaking. Sheppey's daughter had the colossal courage of her convictions. Ignorant, spiteful and mercenary, with a good marriage trembling in the balance, she minced no words. "Who wants to behave like Jesus at this time of day? Blasphemous, I call it," she screamed. When she prayed aloud—"Oh, God, make them say he 's potty. Oh, God, make them say he 's potty"—that prayer unmasked the whole army of unmilitant Christians. It was so primitive, so honest, that its "smallness" was immense.

THE ending, I suppose, is either an evasion or a theatrical trick or both. Deserted by harlot and thief, Sheppey's only supporter is his wife. Old Sunday-school teachings are dimly at work and, after all, the money is his. Better he should spend it like Jesus than let the doctors put him away. Death comes to him in the cloaked guise (I 'm not sure why) of the prostitute. For both, the ultimate mystery is a blind journey. Sheppey, born lucky, could have died lucky in his chair without this enigmatic Dark Lady. But that would have been anti-climax. Perhaps so great a heart deserved the ghostly limelight of a dramatic exit. Perhaps.

Packed with wit, humour and devastating satire, the play gathers speed, force and irony at every turn. Christianity emerges a small and embarrassed Mammon, ready to re-crucify its modern Christ, in the regrettable absence of a doctor's certificate of insanity.

Ralph Richardson's mellow and finely spoken Sheppey, a pin-sharp character-study of his boss by Antony Holles, Laura Cowie's expert version of the conventional lady of the streets, Cecily Oates's quiet mother, and Angela Baddeley's superlative exhibition of closed vowels and open revolt are fine acting achievements. Eric Portman does wonders with the ambitious young schoolmaster, and S. Victor Stanley's cringing thief is as soundly executed as Dorothy Hamilton's refined manicurist.

Mr. Shaw didn't write this play. Too bad. But don't miss it on that account.

TRINCULO.

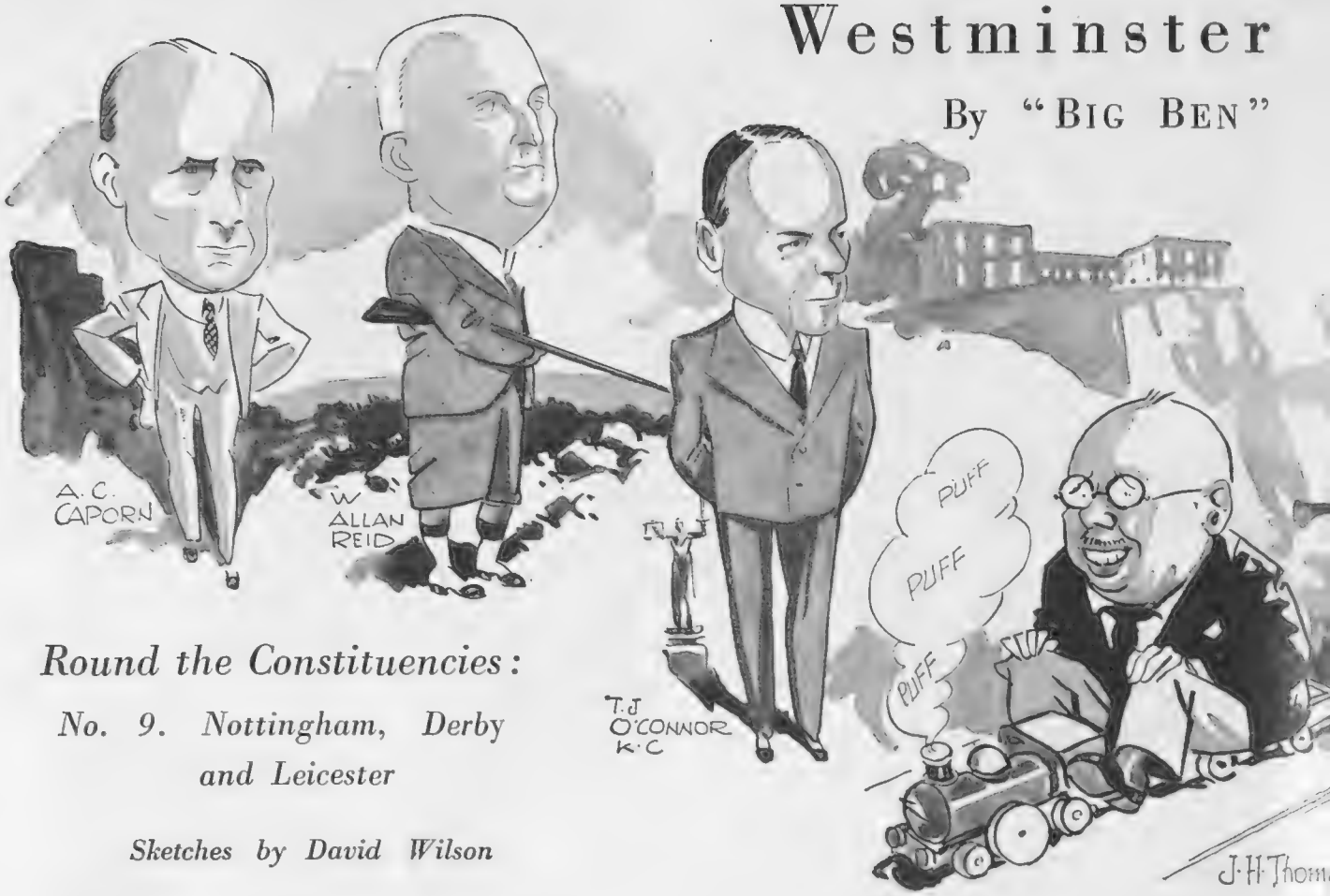
How a customer is shaved for a Press photographer: Sheppey (Ralph Richardson), winner of a sweepstake prize, poses for the "Daily Echo." In the chair is the proprietor of the saloon, Dennis Bradley (Antony Holles), and the other member of the group is the Manicurist (Dorothy Hamilton). Underneath the top group are seen Sheppey's two lost souls come to words: Bessie (Laura Cowie), the street-walker, and "Sneak-Thief" Cooper (S. Victor Stanley)

Sketches by Rouson

Sheppey makes a peaceful exit, to the entire satisfaction of his daughter (Angela Baddeley) and her fiancé (Eric Portman). Sheppey's wife (Cecily Oates) regards his demise with mixed feelings

Westminster

By "Big Ben"



Round the Constituencies:

No. 9. Nottingham, Derby and Leicester

Sketches by David Wilson

It may seem surprising that, with another month in front of me before Parliament meets and I shall have to return to Westminster, I should choose to say good-bye to the country and go on tour to the great provincial towns in the industrial North. But, absurd as it may sound, I have long thought that the provincial towns of England are neglected. How many of us ever think of paying a visit to one of these cities which we have heard so much about but which we 've never seen ?

Always we go to the country or to the seaside. It is understandable. At first sight it appears ridiculous that we should forsake the woods and the fields and the freshness to go off to Birmingham or to Bradford. But what do we know of England, who ignore, if not the greater, at least a great part of her ?

Not so long ago the foreign author of a remarkable book on England wrote : " The big towns are characterised by a dreary monotony, and the industrial centres among them by extreme hideousness ; they are just a business quarter plus suburbs,-utilitarian and unbeautiful. No one lives in them from inclination or taste ; people either earn their livings in them, or stay on in them because they were born there. They are towns with no legends attaching to them, haunted by no ghosts, informed by no spirit, with no soul in them, soul not being a useful commodity."

What an indictment ! But is it wholly true ? To some extent, perhaps it is ; although, lately, there seems to me to have been a growth of local patriotism in some of the bigger towns, comparable to the local patriotism of the market towns and the villages. Of course, it is more difficult to arouse. There is seldom a unifying force, like the squire in the country. The population is immense. There is always that ghastly heritage, the slum quarter. But the complete lack of interest shown in them by most of us doesn't help them along much. We might remember that the prosperity of this land was built up in the nineteenth century and maintained by these workshop towns of the Midlands and the North.

This isn't the place for me to go into the why and the wherefore of the spread of Socialism in the industrial boroughs ; but the following quotation from Dean Inge says all that there is to say about it : " The town workers are better off than ever before, but they suffer from a chronic malaise which makes them hate all the conditions of their lives. The town worker does not consciously recognise the call of the country : he only feels the aching of racial habits a thousand years old and now suddenly thwarted. The sudden transplantation of the countryman within three or four generations into the unnatural surroundings of the large town has more to do with social unrest than is usually supposed."

I left Norfolk last week and it was instinctive that I should make for the centre of England—Derby. I went there via Nottingham and en route for Birmingham, and went afterwards to Leicester.

It was on September 19th, 1777, that Dr. Johnson and Boswell paid a visit to Derby. Johnson had been married there : on this occasion he made no comments on the town, although he suggested, on his way there, that Lord Scarsdale's Kedleston would do excellently for a Town Hall.

Boswell felt a pleasure in walking about Derby " such as I always have in walking about any town to which I am not accustomed. There is an immediate sensation of novelty, and one speculates on the way in which life is passed in it, which although there is a sameness everywhere upon the whole, is yet minutely diversified." I can't improve upon that.

These three towns have history and tradition. At Nottingham, Charles I. first raised his standard against Parliament ; at Derby, the Young Pretender, in '45, turned again northwards to Scotland instead of going on to London ; at Leicester, Simon de Montfort threw out the Jews who had settled there to practise usury.

Moreover, Trent Bridge and Nottingham's market-place are, I suppose, as well-known all over the world as its bicycles, its lace, and its medicines. Crown Derby (Dr. Johnson observed it was too dear !) isn't just another factory product, while Leicester's boots and shoes have not brought more fame to the town than the men who, in the past, have named their titles from it.

In 1295 Derby, Nottingham, and Leicester first sent Members to Parliament, two from each town. Nottingham's representatives were increased to three in 1885 and to four in 1918 ; the same year Leicester's two were increased to three.

I think it would be safe to say that Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck has, in recent years, been Nottingham's most famous Member. He won the South Division of the city in 1895 by 400 votes, and he had 1000 majority in 1900. But he was defeated in 1906 by a Labour man, who afterwards,

Whispers on Tour

though, became a Liberal, in time for Lord Henry to turn him out in 1910—by eighty. He was invincible there till 1929, when Mr. Holford Knight scraped in by 500. It was one of the big surprises of a surprising election. It was incredible that the people, whom Lord Henry had looked after for so long with such independence, often running contrary to his Party, should prefer a stranger.

Mr. Holford Knight is one of the few National Labour M.P.s, and one of the still fewer who haven't yet secured office. He is a barrister by profession (his recreation, by the way—see *Who's Who*—is talking) and Recorder of West Ham. He has been fighting elections since 1910, first as a Liberal, then Independent and Progressive, then Socialist. Total to date, six defeats, two wins. His claim to fame is the leading part he played in gaining women the right of entry to the Bar (capital B). He was known in return as "Portia's champion." Last year he was "the Hikers' M.P."

In 1931 he put his faith in the National Government, "the sacred union of Parties," he called it; but now, so he says, he has never felt his responsibility as a Member of Parliament more, and his trust is not in statesmen, but in the courage and persistence of the rank and file. His position is clear.

In the East Division sits Mr. Gluckstein. He beat Mr. Norman Birkett in 1931, after Mr. Birkett had beaten him in 1929. Mr. Birkett, who is one of the few legal hopes still left to the Liberal Party, was Member for the Division first in 1923. His colleagues at the Bar will not be surprised to hear that he had at heart the interest of every man, woman and child in the constituency. He was only called to the Bar in 1913, but the war didn't impede his career; he took silk in 1924; an extraordinary performance. Mr. Gluckstein, whose family, a hundred years ago, came from Holland, is also a barrister.

Nottingham likes barristers, evidently. It collects them. Mr. T. J. O'Connor, K.C., sits for the Central Division of the city. He succeeded Sir Albert Bennett, who, after being a Liberal Member 1922-23, went over to the Conservatives in 1924, won the seat and held it till he resigned in 1930. What is more, he became Assistant Treasurer to the Conservative Party. When he resigned he left political life the poorer. Mr. O'Connor used to sit for Luton. In the House he has plenty to say for himself and for others.

Captain Reginald Berkeley, who was Member for the Division from 1922 to 1924 (he got in in 1922 by twenty-two votes) and who fought Mr. O'Connor at the 1930 by-election, is another member of the Bar, both here and in New Zealand. He used to be very much a League of Nations' Union man, but at the same time he wrote *French Leave*. His attempts to get back into Parliament have taken him recently as far north as Aberdeen.

Mr. Caporn had the distinction, in 1931, of turning Mr. Hayday out of the West Division, where he had been since 1918. Mr. Hayday was born in West Ham, but he lives in Nottingham. He has twelve children and is an ex-Chairman of the T.U.C. Need I say that Mr. Caporn is a barrister?

At Derby is the Right Honourable James Henry Thomas. He has been Member there since 1910. His life-story is public property: went to work before he was nine, as an errand boy; still working. He enjoys his position more than any of the Cabinet, and wants everyone to enjoy it with him. Also enjoys bacon: "the best ever, cooked on an engine shovel," so he says. Slogan: "The Nation first and the Nation always."

His fellow-Member, a Conservative, Mr. Reid, began work on Mr. Thomas's rival line, the Midland. He changed his mind and became a solicitor. He has practised in Derby for nearly forty years. He lives in the town, where he is an important person.

At Leicester there are Mr. Lyons, Captain Waterhouse, and Mr. Pickering. Captain Waterhouse lives at Bakewell; he is a country gentleman; M.P. since 1923. Mr. Abraham Montagu Lyons lives at Nottingham; he is a barrister; in 1929 unsuccessfully fought Clay Cross. Mr. Pickering lives in Leicester; he is an ex-Unitarian minister and an ex-professor of English in Japan; a Liberal of the Sir Herbert Samuel following.

Mr. Pickering was a tyro at the last election, yet he beat Mr. Pethick Lawrence in the West Division, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's old seat. After twelve years there, the Prime Minister was overwhelmed in 1918 by 14,000—in those days a terrific majority.

Mr. Pethick Lawrence is an Eton and Cambridge man. It was cruel of Mr. Pickering, therefore, to write in his election address: "A capacity for playing the game is a great asset in a crisis such as this. We are all members of a team in a great Test Match": and the side didn't last long.

Mr. Lyons defeated Mr. E. F. Wise. Neither he nor Mr. Pethick Lawrence are to stand for Leicester again. But that doesn't mean that they are leaving politics for ever. The Socialist Party can't do without them.

Mr. Wise is another Cambridge man. He is feared and admired. His connections with the Russian Government have always been a matter of speculation. Yet he thinks, it is good to know, England the most contented of all the European countries. I should like to know whether he has mapped a five-year plan for his own advancement?

Next Week:
Birmingham, Dudley, Smethwick and Wolverhampton

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 17

Lord Castlerosse

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

I HAVE long cherished a theory that social columnists are reincarnations of royalties who are paying for their former misdeeds by their present method of livelihood. Thus, Lord Donegall is almost any Dauphin, while Lord Castlerosse is indubitably King Henry VIII. This he proved beyond all doubt some years ago by dressing up as that monarch at a fancy-dress ball given by the late Mrs. Benjamin Guinness in Carlton House Terrace. It is scarcely credible that in 1914 he was one of the most elegant young ensigns in the Irish Guards, with a sylph-like figure and no sign of the stupendous stomach which now adorns him. Yet many people can still remember him as a dashing Ouida-esque youth. To-day his friends are amazed at his ability to negotiate thirty-six holes of golf. Valentine is a trencherman of mediæval capacity. Slightly goggle-eyed, he talks in a tenor voice, looking towards the ceiling. He is only forty-two, but has seen life. A brilliant conversationalist, he is also a brilliant writer when he is not too lazy. My own theory is that the best stuff he writes has appeared in New York newspapers. Fortunately, "Razzle" kidded him out of that annoying habit of asserting every few lines that he was a journalist, and interspersing this with continuous references to the wet woods of Killarney. He has, however, developed an unmistakable style (taught him by Lord Beaverbrook, which nobody knows better than myself).

HE owes, indeed, almost everything to Lord Beaverbrook—his income, his news sense and his gift for controversial writing. His own contribution is largely his bulk. This is as valuable a stock-in-trade as Mr. Winston Churchill's hats or Groucho Marx's skinny wisecracks. Nobody can pretend he cannot see Valentine, however much he may try. Valentine likes Kümmel, brandy, Walton Heath, and cynical references to marriage. His tragedy is that he is born out of his period. The public thinks he is a jester. Really, he is rather pathetic. Nothing is so lonely as the loneliness of being born a century late. His friends all died a hundred years ago. So the public may laugh at "Lord Elephant and Castlerosse," but I, for one, am very sorry for him.

Miss Anita Leslie

Miss Winifred Paget

Miss Nan McGowan

Mlle. Livia Paravicini

Miss Alison Campbell

Miss Priscilla Weigall

Hallowe'en Wedding

Miss Betsan Horlick and Some of Her Bridesmaids

Miss Betsan Horlick, Sir Ernest Horlick and Lady Oppenheimer's daughter, is marrying Mr. Jack Coats on October 31st, at Southwark Cathedral, and is having an all-white wedding, with a long procession of bridesmaids, six of whom decorate this page. Miss Horlick has been staying in Scotland with her future in-laws, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coats, at Sundrum, Ayrshire. She is due back in London next week

Photographs by Kay Vaughan

Miss Betsan Horlick

The Passing Picture Show

Comic, Epic and Topic-al : By Sydney Tremayne

One thing that the British film industry has done is to give the lie direct to Froissart, who originated a tiresome dictum when he said of the English : " Ils s'amusaient tristement selon la coutume de leur pays." At least we take our pictures gladly ! The English studios seem to have made a corner in comedy, and comedians. That they do not convince all the people all the time that they are essentially humorous does not matter ; there are enough to go round, and " to suit all tastes." What one of our best-known film-papers calls " Screenings," during eight days, included *This Week of Grace*, which, if you think it funny to see a mill-girl, in the emphatic and soprano person of Gracie Fields, and her family, suitably cast, invade (by invitation) and reform a ducal castle and its inmates, and enjoy seeing and hearing Gracie " do her stuff," definitely comes into the category of comedy. There was, too, *Going Gay*, a not very successful attempt to " team " Arthur Riscoe and Naunton Wayne ; they do not go nearly gay enough, and it is in Vienna again ! *Falling for You*, the latest Hulbert-Courtneidge combination, was generally released, and the two famous partners in farce, Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, burst on the film world simultaneously in two separate pictures : *Just Smith* and *Up to the Neck*.

" *Just Smith* "

This is a positive feast for admirers of Tom Walls and his " don't-miss-the-meaning-of-this " methods. He is both star and director. The film is adapted from Frederick Lonsdale's play *Never Come Back*, and the plot moves deviously in high, even ducal, circles ; but since Mr. Lonsdale is, as a playwright, more interested in manners than in morals, the characters are none of them irreproachable. There is a Duke with a past which has an uncomfortable tendency to be present, a social climber, her daughter, who, although the " heroine," has not the strictest sense of honesty ; and two crooks. One is *Just Smith*, the great Mr. Walls himself, the other, Mortimer, played with convincing American slickness by Hartley Power. Anne Grey, inevitable in British pictures nowadays, is Lady Moynton, the Duke of Bristol's (Leslie Perrin) ex-lady-love ; and Carol Goodner his prospective Duchess. There is a lost diamond necklace and a safe containing valuable bonds to keep things going, and the settings, which are what we critics can only describe as lavish, include Smith's " luxury yacht " in the harbour at Monte Carlo, and the rich lady's English country house. Gaumont-British spare no expense.

" *Up to the Neck* "

Ben Travers is the author of this film, in which Ralph Lynn and Winifred Shotter amuse Plaza audiences. The plot is not so ingenious or original as some he has devised in the past, but Ralph Lynn makes the very most, in his own way, of the genuinely funny, if not entirely novel, situation at the close, when the silly ass, Norman B. Goode, turns a really bad drama he has backed for love of a lady of the chorus, into a huge comedy success by his atrocious acting in the leading rôle. There is in this part the underlying tragedy of the man who always means well and always does badly, which invariably lends point to humour. *Up to the Neck* is a British and Dominions picture.

" *Three-Cornered Moon* "

The American contribution to the gaiety of London is called *Three-Cornered Moon*, for the somewhat irrelevant reason that the mother of the family called, still more strangely, Rimplegar, whose adventures in poverty the film retails, had invested all her money in a mine called *Three-Cornered Moon*, and had, not very surprisingly, lost it. Mary Boland is suitably vague as the speculative Mrs. Rimplegar. Claudette Colbert descends from Roman and Ruritanian thrones into the hurly-burly of New York, and in so doing regains her vivacity and reveals a gift for comedy. Richard Arlen is the hero, one of those steadfast people who, both in fact and fiction come to the rescue of irresponsible families, and Hardie Albright gives another of his rather subtle and seemingly ingenuous studies of a self-delusive young man. Like all American pictures, it moves quickly, and the dialogue is bright and apposite.

" *Contact* "

But the most interesting picture shown last week was *Contact*, photographed and directed by Paul Rotha (author of *The Film till Now* and *Celluloid*). It is described as " The Story of our Giant Air Line Services, linking Nation to Nation and the Empire to the Motherland." It can, without any reservations, be described as an epic, and contains some of the most beautiful and significant camera shots ever shown on the English screen. *Contact* was made with the co-operation of Imperial Airways, and is the record, by a true cinéaste, of a 22,000-miles flight. More will be heard and seen of this film.

" *The Fire Raisers* "

Apart from its topical interest, *The Fire Raisers* is a very good film ; well-made, well-acted drama. The plot, although it touches nearly the facts revealed in the recent arson case, is fictional. It concerns a fire assessor who becomes involved with a man, without realising the extent of his villainy, in the unscrupulous business of manufacturing fires and cheating insurance companies. It ends melodramatically and tragically when the whole crew of a boat set fire to at sea with his cognisance, lose their lives. Leslie Banks plays the chief part brilliantly, and succeeds in making the character both understandable and sympathetic, in spite of his crimes. Anne Grey and Carol Goodner (again !) supply the feminine interest.

Tom Walls as Smith, the gentleman crook, doing a bit of light-fingered work with a safe. The film is " Just Smith," adapted from Frederick Lonsdale's " Never Come Back," produced in 1932

" The Fire Raisers," the film about a mythical Mr. Harris and his friends, was made by Gaumont-British in less time than it generally takes to shoot a scene or two. Above, the black-hatted gentleman is the big crook, Stedding (Francis Sullivan), and his nearly bumped-off victim is Twist, the claims investigator (Lawrance Anderson)

Georgians and Victorians

A Garden Fête at Mount Stewart

Mr. Basil Kennedy and Lady Veronica Hornby were two of the performers and appeared in Early Victorian dress at the fête held at Mount Stewart, Lord and Lady Londonderry's home in County Down

Above, left: Mr. Angus Menzies, in the full dress of a Stewart Chieftain, and Lady Castlereagh in the powdered wig and brocade of a Georgian lady

Above, right: Lady Margaret and Lady Helen Stewart, two of Lord and Lady Londonderry's four daughters, also appeared as Georgian beauties

Lady Mary Stewart, the Londonderrys' youngest daughter, as she appeared in "The Young Chieftain," a play which she wrote and produced herself for the Fête

Another Early Victorian couple of performers at Mount Stewart were Sir Hedworth Williamson and Mrs. Rennis M'Mahony

Would You Recognise Her . . .?

Posers for Pre-Talkie Picture Fans from an Old Portfolio

" Gosta Berling "

" Mata Hari "

Greta Garbo it is : the secret of the great star's identity cannot for long be concealed from her fans, although even the most astute of them might be puzzled by the stills of her two early films. " The Atonement of Gosta Berling " was her first film, made in Sweden in her third year at the Academy of Dramatic Art in Stockholm. Some time later, while making an Ufa film, she met Louis B. Mayer, and through him went to M.-G.-M., in Hollywood. " The Temptress " was her second M.-G.-M. film. " Romance " belongs to a slightly later period, and when " Mata Hari " was made, Greta Garbo had already become " the Garbo," a star with a world-wide reputation

" The Temptress "

" Romance "

• STANDING • BY . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

Distraint

Left : a successful attempt at humour—which can hardly be called extravagant—by E. Heimann, exhibited at the London Salon of Photography, held at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall Mall, East

Below : Victor Malcolm and Ann Todd photographed at Dormy House, Rock, North Cornwall, where the happy pair spent their summer holiday

Left : Rosy Barsony, one of the principals in "Ball at the Savoy," the new musical comedy at Drury Lane

Rosy Barsony

An Engaged Couple

NEW London telephone exchanges will soon be getting themselves chosen by the Book Society unless something happens to Mr. Horace Dive, who helps to invent the names. Not that we care if they are chosen, but we think that it 's pretty decadent to go around commemorating poets in this way, when the whole of history is full of names like Nelson and Evans of the Broke and Titus Oates. But if there is any literary racket we like to be in on it ; and we 're feeling sore at the moment because our home exchange is KEN, and we hardly think Commander Kenworthy is likely to be Mr. Dive's literary beau ideal. If you want a literary telephone exchange you 've got to live in wide, open spaces, like Harrow or Wembley. Harrow 's very pleased with its BYRON, and now proud Wembley boasts of ARNOLD, after Matthew Arnold, the mermaid-fancier. A business friend of ours likes to think he 's pretty familiar with the poets. Calling a number at Wembley the other day, he forgot himself and dialled MAT. Now he wonders why he got a number on the National exchange. But what just fails to give us a pain in the neck is that no exchange can ever be named after the Sitwells. Dial SIT and you get Riverside. We think that 's too bad.

IN our own queer way, we got to wondering about the life-work of Mr. Horace Dive and his boys, and until we looked into the possible permutations of the vowels we thought they had a pretty easy time of it. Well, we 've never previously been ashamed to admit we 're wrong, and we 're not now. It 's a tease. We 've found two easy ones, though. Defoe and Higham, the latter being after Sir Charles, who writes pretty often. The beauty of dialling these is that you keep your finger in the same hole the whole time. And if ever Lady Cabstanleigh (whom God preserve of Shoe Lane !) cares to write a poem, we don't see why she shouldn't have an exchange, either. We 'd be proud to have an easy number like Cabstanleigh two double-two two. Take a look and see why for yourself. We 've got a date, and, anyway, we 're sick and tired of telephones.

We like to devote part of the day to thinking about our friends, some of whom have taken degrees in getting into mischief. Chief among these is a notable broadcaster from Edinburgh, who comes to London once a month for conferences with other broadcasters. Friend says no, he comes to buy snuff, a pinch of which he starts the day with, even before a cup of tea. It 's the only pinch, he says, which makes him sneeze. We got a kind of temporary interest in snuff when he talked, so we went round London making guarded enquiries. London's largest snuff distributors are too busy trying to find safe investments for their surplus valuta to say much, the snuff business now booming. We did find one tobacconist who admitted to selling two tons a year, this being four times what he sold in 1921, prosperity's peak year. We liked the man and are quite pleased. There are many qualities of snuff, favourite being the colour of properly roasted coffee. What we like about snuff is the necessity for smacking the box before you open it. Our friend tells us this is necessary, unless you want snuff all over your trousers. We say trousers advisedly, because women are not too hot on snuff, ninety-nine per cent. of addicts being men.

Ivy Tresmand, the musical-comedy actress, on holiday at Cannes, deserting the motor-car for a foreign "Stop-me-and-buy-one" of one-donkey-power

The latest American economy to impinge on us has taken place in dramatic criticism. A friend, just back from the land of Blue Horse Feathers, brings us a clipping listing plays as though they were stocks and bonds, with a par value of three dollars, the average price of a seat. Noel Coward's *Design for Living* rates high at four dollars. *Music in the Air* is at a discount, rating only two dollars fifty. Then comes the big slide. A play by two friends of ours is quoted at one yen; and a musical comedy, soon to be staged in London (no names, no pack-drill!), rates one share Kreuger and Toll stock. Another quotation reads "one share Kreuger and Toll stock (counterfeit)." Play market-quotation column is aptly headed "Dramatic Values." If we didn't like the idea so well, we 'd recommend it to one or two of our own dramatic acquaintances. No, we 're not going to tell you their names; not if you move Ervine and Earth to try to make us.

Sasha

"The Tempest" in Fine Weather at Regent's Park

Left: Robert Atkins as Caliban, John Drinkwater as a beardless Prospero, and Margaretta Scott, the Miranda in the production of "The Tempest" at the Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park

Saturday morning last we awoke, after a swell party, feeling that if life resembled anything at all a bowl of cherries certainly wasn't what it looked like. We called a taxi and drove to the British Museum in search of light fun that wouldn't tax our strength, and found it in the reading-room. We found a man there who was tired of chasing pornography from a bored staff, so he showed us round. He introduced us to a negro bordering dangerously on the venerable. We forget his name. He told us that the negro had gone into the reading-room nearly every day for longer—would you believe it?—than most of us can remember. Sometimes he brings a thermos-flask and sandwiches and stays all day. He reads fiction in the morning, and says Galsworthy 's fine but Conrad 's not so hot. And he doesn't give a row of beans for Jack Priestley. After lunch—if he goes out he keeps his seat by leaving a copy of the *Times* on it—he puts away frivolity and reads something tough. As often as not, Goethe. One day he hopes he 'll know something. And it 's tea in the thermos, not coffee. He says tea 's better for mental clarity. We dare say he 's right.

"Why," asks a girl friend whose curiosity is not her weak point, "why did Admiral 'Keep a Straight Bat' Evans of the Broke take 200 marines with him to Serowe?"

VIVE LE SPORT!

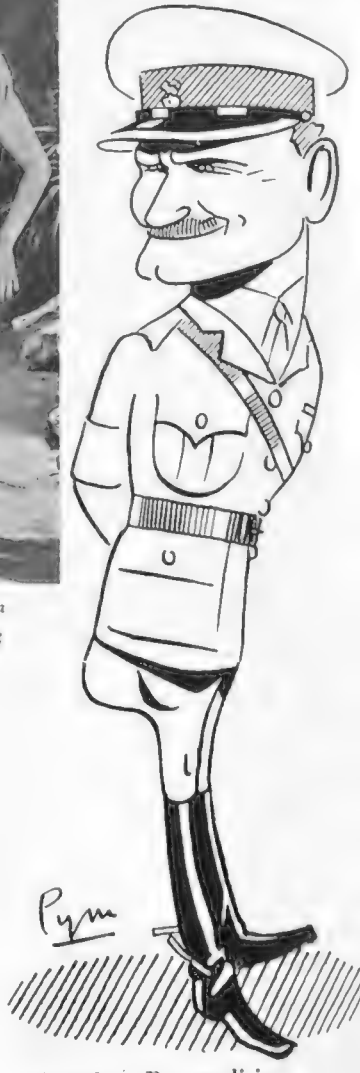
No. 11.—Henri Cochet

The great little Cochet—
That master of craft—
Has got but small use for
The "amateur" graft,
So lawn-tennis dovecotes
Are fluttered to hear
He means to turn pro. at
The end of the year.

The great little Cochet—
That player of brain—
At Wimbledon will not
Delight us again;
The L.T.A. thinks it 's
Too fearf'ly de trop
For amateur players
To mix with a pro.!

The great little Cochet,
I 'm happy to learn,
Will now be enabled
Big money to earn;
But few noted players
Will follow his lead—
Since "shamateurs" make so
Much cash, there 's no need!

B. W.



Aldershot Personalities
No. 12

Brigadier Pollok, C.B.E., D.S.O., Commanding the Guards Brigade

We 're glad to have this opportunity of giving her some information on the subject. The answer is: "So that he might have someone to tell it to."

ANOTHER friend of ours (yes, we know we are rolling in friends), just back from Spain, doesn't think too much of Spanish honesty, although he rates Spanish pep somewhere round one hundred per cent. Our friend says it 's like this. He sells tractors, and since he 's started reading the papers he 's had a hunch that the new Spanish agrarian policy of cutting up the big estates would make the tractor as essential a part of Spanish life as the Easter bull-fights. That 's why he went to Spain. With consummate skill, because he doesn't speak the language, he tracked down the appropriate functionary and did his sales talk so well that it worked. The functionary enquired the price, offered to double it, and ordered one hundred tractors and took our friend back to his office, where he wrote out a cheque for the original amount, gave it to him, and said: "Don't bother to shut the door behind you, we like a draught." Our friend said something about delivery date, but was soon stopped. "What the hell!" said the functionary. "You 've got your money: I 'll be getting mine. Who wants a lot of lousy tractors smelling all over the place, anyway? Now get out." Motto: All is saved save honour.

Futurism By Frank Ford

A MAN we met in a bar the other day tells us that he is a Fascist and wears a black shirt because it doesn't want washing so often. We can't, since we 've promised always to tell the truth, say that we liked him. We didn't. But we bought him drinks because he comes from the Fascist headquarters in Chelsea and wanted someone to confide in. He told us that discipline is the watchword, and that no one ever throws a party there. We asked him what happened if any of the brave boys took it upon themselves to make a breach in the walls of discipline. "We rehearse," he said solemnly. In the interests of social history, we pressed him for a fuller statement and gathered that not only castor-oil but rubber truncheons are pressed into service on these occasions. Pursuing our enquiries, we asked him if the shades of those girls who formerly received a gentler education in the building, now haunted it. Women, we understand are rated pretty low in Fascist headquarters, if his answer was anything to go by. We 're going by it, anyway: you do what you like.

THE BYSTANDERS

By Rouson

Three Generations in "The Distaff Side"

Above is our artist's impression of the domineering Grandmother (Haidee Wright), the modern granddaughter (Viola Keats), and the equally modern Aunt Liz (Martita Hunt); and also a photograph of a scene from this play at the Apollo showing Mrs. Millward (Sybil Thorndike) and Alex Millward (Viola Keats). Mrs. Millward is saying to her daughter, "What is your life but his life, if you love him?

An incident in the Blackheath v. Rosslyn Park "Rugger" match played in cricket weather at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, and won by the home team by 14 points to 9

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Busy with the Man! Bother the Ball!

The Gentle Art of Speculation

So early in the year, Rugby football is little more than a subject for exercises in the gentle art of speculation. I dare say those players who have already entrusted their valuable bones to the rude embraces of a peculiarly unyielding Mother Earth will murmur: "The little more; and ah! how much it is!" Still, let us agree that, apart from a cracked collar-bone or two, and the odd busted rib, the game is little more than a subject for prophecy, deduction, and various other products of hot air. In this mood, then, I have been musing over the fixture-list for the coming season. I find that my duties as a confirmed spectator will carry me not only to Dublin, Murrayfield, Cardiff, and Swansea, but to Birkenhead and Falmouth as well. How we old gentlemen do see the world! And what, in the name of William Webb Ellis, shall we be doing at Falmouth?

We shall be watching an England Trial Match between the Probables and the Possibles, and if I know Cornwall at all, the game will be played before the most rabidly enthusiastic crowd of the year. The Selectors certainly do trot us about the country in their anxiety to stimulate local zeal; Camborne and Sunderland, Torquay and Birmingham, everywhere the seeds are sown, and, on the whole, I think the principle is sound. The trouble is that Trial Matches are usually such flops: they produce poor football, and they tell us very little about comparative form.

Last winter they were not particularly instructive, though L. A. Booth, of Headingley, played his way into the English side. We shall watch Booth again with considerable interest, but who else is there in the offing? I hope A. L. Novis will be available by the time International Matches come along—how superbly he played in the Irish match at Twickenham! Those two tries of his—one scored on the wing by sheer determination, the other when he moved into the centre and went like a snipe through the defence—those two tries, to my mind, put the whole standard of International Rugby up a notch or two, for when such things are possible, we still have true descendants of the Golden Age. There is the impeccable T. W. Brown at full-back, but are there any other players behind the scrummage who are virtually certain of their caps? I doubt it. We need new blood. There are centres to be found, and a stand-off half, for W. Elliot was not as good last year as we hoped he might be. And a scrum-half? B. C. Gadney, perhaps, a strong, hard-working player, but I feel we could do with more snap and speed there.

Snap and speed—upon those two words the Selectors' researches should be based. England lumbered along last season; there was strength and solidity—but barely a ha'porth of inspiration. We have fallen away sadly from the great days between 1920 and 1924; we play without intelligent co-ordination; we batter and crash, but there is no white jersey racing up to take that final scoring pass after a brilliant and unexpected cut-through. Is it team-work we lack, or have we no guiding principle? Does the England side go on the field merely with the hopeful intention of doing its damnedest—or does it trot out with a clearly-defined plan of campaign and a realisation that intensive backing-up produces the majority of tries against a close defence? Backing-up—we have not yet assimilated the lessons taught us by the last All-Blacks: scrummaging—we have still to return to the fundamental arts of hooking and heeling. And here may I offer up a discreet prayer that there will be no more experimenting with the South African 3—4—1 formation, a formation which demands great experience, a high degree of specialisation, and the kind of instinctive co-ordination which only comes to a touring team?

Cambridge packed 3—4—1 without understanding the full implications of the formation, and their forwards faded away towards the end of a very close 'Varsity match. There is no need for us to make these experiments. The orthodox 3—2—3 method of packing is adequate enough if it is adopted by eight intelligent forwards who are prepared to shove the last ounce while the ball is in the scrummage.

As for the promising forwards, I should be inclined to watch G. S. Waller, of Cambridge; R. E. Prescott, of the Harlequins; and C. Lewis, of the R.A.F. Some of the old hands will doubtless do service again—E. H. Sadler, for example, a fine back-row forward, and C. Webb and G. G. Gregory—but there will be some caps to spare in the scrummage.

A Guy's Hospital player well held in the match between Guy's Hospital and Catford Bridge, played on the Hospital ground and won by the home team by 14 points to 10

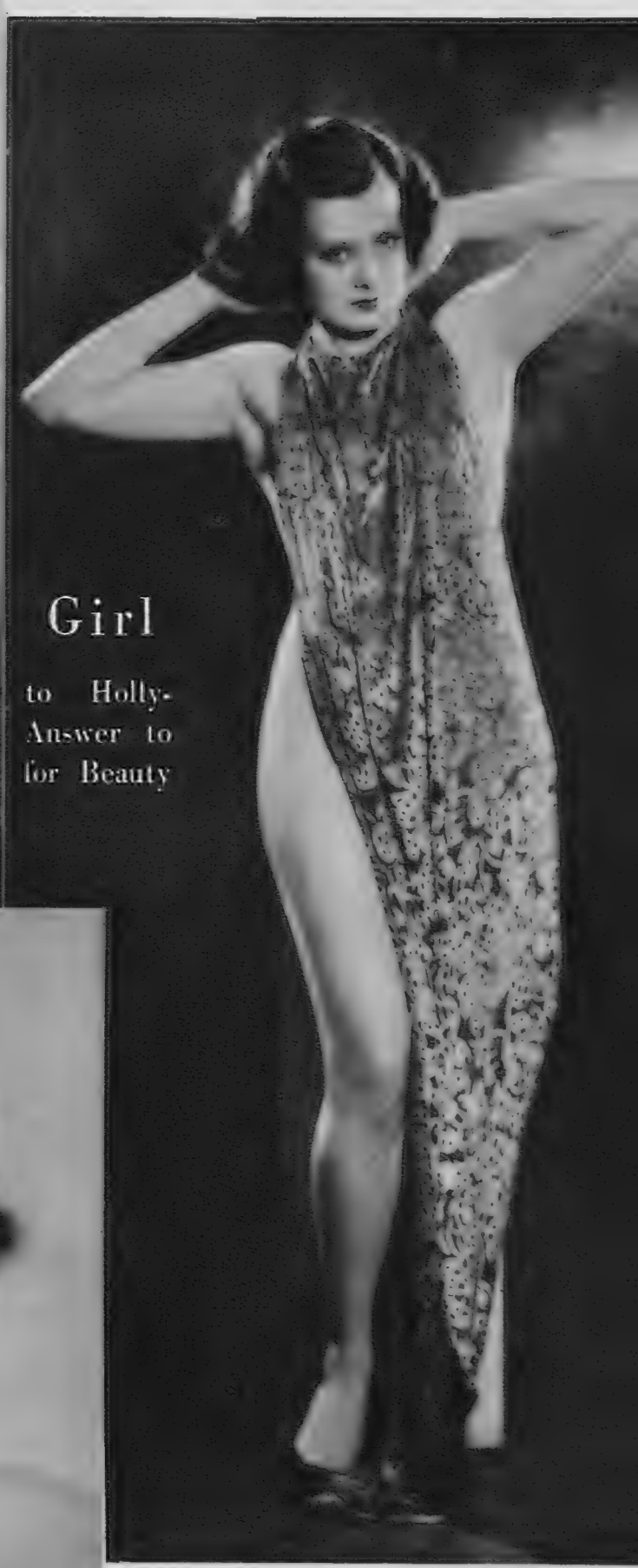
England have a hard row to hoe, and of all the countries, Scotland are most happily placed, despite the retirement of Ian Smith. The Scottish side is young and keen, and it will be a better side still when the Selectors decide, as I believe they eventually will, to have K. C. Fyfe, a grand footballer, trained as a centre instead of a wing.

But, there, I've wandered from my fixture-list, from the great afternoons promised by the 'Varsities and the Barbarians and the clubs. There are some I'm looking forward to especially—the 'Varsity match, England and Wales at Cardiff—there's always excitement at Cardiff!—Ireland and England at Dublin, the Navy and the Army at Twickenham, and then, as a grand finale, the Calcutta Cup match at headquarters—a fine ending to a splendid winter.

Lucky Girl

Nita Harvey goes to Hollywood as England's Answer to Paramount's Search for Beauty

Three portraits of the new "Miss England"—in other words, of Nita Harvey, who has been chosen by Paramount to represent England out of seventy-four finalists in their Search-for-Beauty Contest. She sails for Hollywood this week, and will appear, with the rest of the lovelies that Paramount have discovered and approved, in a film suitably entitled "The Search for Beauty"



Photographs by Walter Bird

Slander.
By John Everard

Salome. *By F. Scrimshaw Jr.*

THERE is a curious feeling of interrogation about a large number of the exhibits in the Professional Photographers' Association 1933 Exhibition, in the section whose text is the question, "Which is the typical British girl?" as well as in the section which is devoted exclusively to problem-pictures. "Slander" and "In Articulo Mortis" are two examples of pictures with intentionally and provocatively "problem" subjects. But something of the same questioning spirit appears in the other exhibits reproduced here — they all seem to ask "What next?" So asks all 1933, and so once more photography shows itself to be most topical of all the arts

"In Articulo Mortis" *By John Erith, A.R.P.S.*

The New Art Asks Questions

Problems of 1933 at the Professional Photographers' Association Exhibition

Typical British "Girl." By John Erith, A.R.P.S.

Ma Baabee. By Foster Brigham, F.R.P.S.

Titania. By John Everard

Mother and Child. By John Erith, A.R.P.S.

The 1933 Exhibition of the Professional Photographers' Association opened last Tuesday at the Royal Institute (Prince's) Galleries, Piccadilly, and will remain open until September 29th

Welcome to an Exile

Werner Krauss Comes to London

THIS famous German actor was seen by a London audience for the first time at the Shaftesbury Theatre last night in "Before Sunset," which is being played in English, a language which he has mastered in a short time in order that he may make his début here in a translation of Hauptmann's tragedy

Photographs by Helen MacGregor

Husbands and Wives as Golf Partners at Prince's

L. to R., standing: Sir Eric Hambro, Capt. H. H. C. Baird, and Mr. Daniell. Seated: Lady Hambro, Sir Harry Mallaby-Deeley, and Miss Daniell with "Cinders"

Capt. and Mrs. J. E. Monins and Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Shurey, two of the married couples who competed at Prince's Club, Sandwich

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Little Heresy

EVENTS are, at the moment, conspiring against me with regard to golf. Circumstances are preventing my normal use of a Sunday, and although it indisputably is wrong to work on the Sabbath, I somehow cannot convince certain Big Bosses that this is so. They are the "circumstances," and I hope they are ashamed of it!

But they alone are not entirely responsible. A very displeasing mountain has developed from a mole-hill on my arm, and its freedom of movement is thus curtailed considerably; let us, consider its effects.

They are surprising. I tried a few shots the other evening, with the new little swing which has been forced upon me, and they all went crashing down the fairway in the best de Montmorency style. True, I found a tendency to hook (and to expletive, when my clubhead flew beyond the prescribed arc), but I was not disturbed, because I thought of Charles Hezlet and his flicked pull with stop.

BUT, to revert to my little curtailed swing. I found, for approaches, when I tried them out, that I had a tendency to top. I think it was because I simply could not swing slowly enough to keep my eye on the ball: I was so apprehensive of the possible twinge of pain that I hurried the shot to get it over, and I hurried it to such an extent that nothing on earth would stop its lightning characteristics.

But later that evening, when I had the leisure, I thought over the experience. And I came to a definite conclusion which frankly astonished me; I decided that, if one is suffering from some temporary disability which curtails the length of one's swing, it is the short game, rather than the long game, which suffers.

WHEN you are in unbridled possession of your magnificently full and flowing swing (you are a week-end amateur for the sake of this argument), you do not always drive straight. Possibly far from it. And this for the very good reason that driving is one of the most difficult parts of the game, and one of the most important. I know that you have all heard it reiterated time and time again that driving should be automatic, and that it is so easy—you have everything in your favour, a hand-made lie, a level stance. But those two things are precisely all that you have in your favour: against you, you have a definite mental strain and the most difficult club in your bag to use. The mental strain is about eighty per cent. anxiety to get the ball a long way down the middle, because by so doing you will make the hole so easy, and twenty per cent. of a lurking fear, based on experience, that this is not as simple as it sounds, and that, damn it, it should be because you have so often been told that driving should be automatic, and that you have everything in your favour. The driver is, in point of fact, by far the most difficult club which you have: in nearly every driver which I have ever seen the face is too straight—so straight that *only a perfect* shot will do; any fault will be exaggerated to an alarming and frequently disastrous extent.

For the purposes of my argument you must remember those words: *alarming*, because of the mental effect on your subsequent play; *disastrous* because of the too frequent recovery shots—not always successful—which accrue in consequence.

Very well. Now you get a boi—I mean, one of my mountains—and you no longer have your magnificently flowing swing.

You at once drive straight always. Not very far, but beautifully straight. You do not get into trouble; at least, not severe trouble. Those recovery shots no longer increase your score.

The answer to all this is not the one word "miracle," but it is the one word "control." If the truth be told—I'm sorry, but the truth always hurts—your magnificently full and flowing swing is your worst golfing enemy. You simply *must* have complete control over your club-head throughout the entire operation of swinging, and if your swing is to be really flowing, then, to achieve this control, it must be entirely in slow motion. So, when well again, but none the less as a result of your mountain, you may find yourself having to choose between the glorious abandon of your free and flowing swing, or the distressing sobriety of your curtailed and controlled poke; for that 's what it feels like to you.

Captain and Lady Doris Gunston, competitors for the popular annual Challenge Cup for Husbands and Wives in partnership

ENOUGH of the long game; but what about the short game, which I have said is not so good as usual because of the mountain? I am really rather surprised that I have to explain this; after all, there is only one thing which is really necessary in the short game, and that is a good eye. A good eye to look at the ball with, a good eye to judge the distance with, a good eye to make sure of the line. But you can't have a good eye with a mountain: the two things simply don't go together. The very fact of the existence of the mountain makes it quite certain that you have had too many late—I mean, that you have been working too hard because of those blasted Big Bosses. And if you are not physically fit you do not possess a good eye until you *are* fit again. Therefore, your short game goes where a dog with tallow legs can't chase an asbestos cat with any success.

Hoch! Hitler!! Leslie Henson as a supporter of the Nazi régime

Right: Tutti (Zelma O'Neal), the little girl who hasn't yet discovered "what a young girl ought to know," but has three fiancés who might tell her

Left: Hot! Cha!! Whatever that means by Robertson Hare, with dignified support by Sydney Fairbrother

Left: just "a Son of a Beach," with a few kindred spirits: Leslie Henson as a Scandinavian lifeguard. The elongated snake in the grass and on left is David Hutcheson

Some of the "Nice Goings On" at the Strand Theatre

Depicted by Rouson

"The Bystander's"

Girls' Open Golf Championship

Chapter Two

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill), winner of "The Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship held at Stoke Poges

DEAR BYSTANDER,

MISS JESSIE ANDERSON, as, of course, you know, is now reigning Girl Champion. It is a long time since the title was held by anybody who gives such an impression—at all events, to me, personally—that she is not going to stop there, but will go on to win the Championship, not only of her own country, which is Scotland, but maybe even the Open. "Wee Jessie" they called her affectionately in the Scottish Championship, and I see that one of the evening Press suggested that she was far too small and frail ever to fill the rôle of real Champion. With all due respect for my colleague, I beg to differ. She may still grow a bit, as she has done in the last year. She must already be as tall as Mme. Réné Lacoste, or Miss Wanda Morgan, and if you can hit the ball farther than most people, with as little apparent effort and as much regularity as Miss Anderson, and appear in every way a thoroughly sturdy and robust golfer, I cannot see why a few inches less than somebody else is going to make you a less probable champion. Think of Hyperion. There is certainly no lack of power about Miss Anderson. She has an enormously big swing—by which I do not mean long—with a grandly straight left arm, by means of which she has lengthened her wooden club play out of all knowledge since last year. She is a really powerful iron player, shaping well to rival Miss Doris Park in this respect, and the way she gets out of bunkers shows that she has not only muscular strength when that is needed, but also a great deal of delicacy of touch when the gentle, clean chip is the shot that meets the occasion best. She is also a very good putter. Temperament has been left to the last, but there certainly seems nothing wrong with that. She can flatten an opponent, if the chance offers, or stand up to a really good one in a match which goes all the way, as she showed when Miss Pam Barton played shot for shot with her so grandly in the semi-final.

WHEN one has said all that about Miss Anderson, it is plain that Miss Enid Pears would have had to be something absolutely out of the ordinary run of golfers to beat her. It would be obviously extravagant to say that Miss Pears is that. She lost the final by 5 and 3, and it was only her immense pluck that made the match go so far. Miss Pears has a splendid temperament, there is no doubt about that, and also a good short game, but her very fine putting never had a chance of coming into account, because of the immense disadvantage of length from the tee against which she was fighting the whole way. Miss Anderson, for example, was having anything from an iron down to a mashie niblick for the second shots at all the long holes, her brassie having a complete holiday (except when she drove with it from the tee, which she did most of the time). Miss Pears, on the other hand, used it continually for her second shots, and even then fairly often needed a chip to complete the business of reaching the green. It would have broken any heart less stout, but, instead, Miss Pears plodded on. She won all the short holes, the 7th in a beautiful two, and never allowed herself to be rattled into playing loose or flurried shots. With such a temperament, I feel as if she only needed a little good coaching, which would teach her how to quicken her down swing in relation to the up, to give her what she needs.

Time Flies

The young daughter of Mrs. Hickman, who, as Miss Kitty Beard, was a Girls' Championship semi-finalist in 1929

E. E. Helme

A Plucky Runner-Up—and Others

At Stoke Court: Miss Enid Pears, runner-up in the Championship, holding the Stoke Court Cup, which she won. Her mother and father are on each side of her. The rest of the group, from L. to R., are Miss Betty Wyatt, Mrs. and Miss Urie, Miss Beryl Pockett, Mr. Wyatt, Miss Jean Hayes, Mrs. Wyatt, and Miss Pockett's mother, aunt, and father

I SUPPOSE you want to hear just how the match went. Well, Miss Anderson won the first two holes, the second by putting her second stone dead; won also the 4th, 6th, the 8th and the 9th—the 9th by the cruel holing of a long putt—and so turned four up—out in the thirties, even if you allow her a six at the short 3rd, where she picked up out of the bunker. At the turn, Miss Pears seemed to take a fresh lease of life; she played a lovely run-up to the 10th, and halved it; won the 11th, halved the 12th and 13th, and then Miss Anderson finished off the business with two great fours, a four-yard putt down at the 14th, and a chip stone dead at the 15th.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Aborigines in Malay, Scotland, Goa and Mayfair

By A. G. Macdonell

How very few people are masters of an art! Vastly fewer are masters of two, and yet Mr. Somerset Maugham manages to be master of three. Dramatist and novelist of many years eminence, he has, in later life, turned to the short story, and gone into the very front rank at once. His new collection of them, *Ah King* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), has all the characteristic Maugham qualities. In the first place, they are written with his usual quiet clearness. No straining for effect. No purple nonsense. Just lucid and understandable. Then they are staged against the Malayan background which Mr. Maugham knows so well. It is a very different Malaya from Conrad's. Conrad's Malaya was a place of perpetual romance; Mr. Maugham's is a place of perpetual adultery. Conrad's heroes were heroes. Mr. Maugham's are planters. But the one is as vivid as the other. And possibly, indeed probably, Mr. Maugham's picture is the true one. If it is, the life for a white man in Malaya must be a pretty terrible one. Twenty young men, strong, energetic, healthy, for one girl. Twenty bachelors for one married couple. That is the impression one gets from *Ah King*. And Mr. Maugham never lets up on you. He goes on squeezing and squeezing the last drop of horror, the last ounce of tragedy out of each utterly tragic situation. The story called "The Book-Bag" is one of the most appalling stories I have ever read, for sheer, concentrated terribleness. The tragedy of that brother and sister is one of the tales that cannot be forgotten. Then there is the story about the District Officer with the marvellous record, with the brains, organising ability, everything; but when the pinch came he showed a very yellow streak. It is so typical of Mr. Maugham's subtle skill that he makes the coward's wife come all the way back to London before she deserts him. She, at least, was not going to run away under fire. The last story in the book, "Neil Macadam," is a pity. The character of the young man is too artificial, and the murder which he commits is too revolting. But, apart from this one criticism, *Ah King* is a great book of short stories by one of our very few living masters of the art.

Yevonde

William Somerset Maugham

Whose new play, "Sheppey," is criticised on page 555 and whose new volume of short stories, entitled "Ah King," receives attention here from our reviewer

"Challenge to the Highlander" (Murray; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is an interesting and provocative book. Miss Ramsay is the daughter of a distinguished father, and she knows how to marshal her facts and study her sources. She has set out to prove that the Highlander is not a poet, a dreamer, an idealist, but a common, materialistic brigand, and that it is the Lowlander who has given Scotland its poetry and its ideals. In order to prove her case, Miss Ramsay takes three men from each, sketches their life-stories, and leaves the reader to judge which are heroes and which are scoundrels.

It is an interesting method, and one that might convince the unwary. But surely it is an extremely dangerous one as well. In fact, it almost comes near the border of special pleading. "These are representative Highlanders," says Miss Ramsay, in effect. "Are they not horrid scoundrels? Therefore, all Highlanders are horrid scoundrels." The crux is the word "representative." One of Miss Ramsay's Highland trio is the Marquess of Argyll. Speaking as a member of Glengarry's clan, I flatly refuse to admit that Argyll, or any member of Clan Campbell, is a representative Highlander. The Clan Campbell stood for the Covenant against the religion of the Highlands, and for the German invader against the rightful King. I agree with Miss Ramsay that the Marquess was a bad man, but he was a product of Lowland affiliations.

Miss Ramsay's second is Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, and she "debunks" him with zest. But why did she not choose that other Lochiel, who stood by Prince Charles when the Hanoverian scum were ravaging Scotland? He, if you like, was a typical Highlander. And it is downright nonsense to select Simon Lovat as a representative Highlander of the 'Forty-five.

Nor do I think that Miss Ramsay is much happier in her choice of Lowland Champions. Johnstone of Wariston, on her own showing, was a hateful, crafty lawyer who ruined every cause he espoused, who caused the Scottish army to be destroyed at Dunbar, and who died miserably on the scaffold, hated by all. There was not a streak of poetry in that bigoted, Calvinistic soul. Forbes of Culloden, her second Lowlander, did as much as anyone, Argyll included, to deliver his country to Butcher Cumberland, and I have never been able to detect the innate poetry in that action. Miss Ramsay's third is the Marquess of Montrose, and in her zeal she "debunks" him as well, so that we are left with nothing proved in the end, except that Miss Ramsay can write fascinating biographies. But, surely, to say that the Highlander has never produced any great art, is to ignore most peculiarly the great body of pipe-music and the songs that were made by the bards.

I have tried—Heaven knows how hard—to understand Miss Helen Simpson's new book, *The Woman on the Beast* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), but a lot of it is heavy going. The title comes from the Revelation of St. John the Divine, "I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured beast," and the Foreword is somewhat about St. John. But the Prologue defeated me handsomely, and so I passed on, looking the Prologue firmly in the face as I did so, to show that I was not afraid.

The book itself is divided into three sections, and all three have the same quality. They contain pages and pages of marvellous descriptions, of enthralling scenes, of living characters, and then suddenly—bump—down comes the fog, and you are lost for a bit. Then with equal suddenness you emerge, and the sun shines merrily again. The three scenes are, the story of an Inquisidor in Goa in 1579, the outbreak of the French Revolution, and an imaginary Australia in 1999. It is a stimulating, brilliant book, but infernally difficult to understand.

After Miss Simpson, Miss Barbara Worsley-Gough is like a dewdrop, small and simple and very, very clear. *Sweet Home* is a great advance on *Public Affaires*. In the latter the characters all spoke in exactly the same way. In the former there is a definite attempt at differentiation between them, and the result is almost a novel instead of just a shrill twittering. I suppose in about fifty years time Mr. Evelyn Waugh will live in an Ebury Street somewhere, and a vast concourse of disciples will call him Maestro, and he will write the story of Abelard in the language of the period. Miss Worsley-Gough will be there, for she is one of the best of the disciples. She has a gay and rattling wit, and the nonsense goes flowing cheerfully along, and in the scene where the boorish Toby is being firmly edged into the Stock Exchange by his charming wife, Miss Worsley-Gough is in the real spirit of Comedy.

Sweet Home is capital entertainment, but how I wish that these modern novelists would finish off their books properly. Over and over again they seem to glance at the speedometer, so to speak, and say, "Thank Heavens! 282 pages. That only leaves me one more to do," and at 283 they put the cover firmly on the typewriter and march out. It is such a pity.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly
for "The Bystander"
by Madge Garland

Rockwell, Paris

THE material of this dress is called Treebark, because of its rough, deeply creased surface, but it is made of silk and is very supple. Both afternoon and evening gowns and coats are made of it; one of the latter was seen with a bow of ermine across the back of the shoulders. An afternoon gown had a narrow collar of ribbon tied around the neck with long ends reaching to the knees; the model shown above is carried out in black and has a black-and-white collar which resembles the petals of flowers. This is a Schiaparelli model and may be obtained from Fortnum and Mason

Tunics and Capes Return to Favour

and

the neckline continues to be exceedingly important....

A CHARMING example of the tunic is shown on the left in an evening gown designed by Isobel. The underskirt is carried out in golden maize-colour satin and has a slight train; the tunic is of patterned lamé edged with a band of sable. A high décolletage in front is balanced by a low square at the back, and the material is cut into points over each arm in order to give breadth to the shoulders. The two little ermine capes sketched above were chosen from among many exquisite furs in Isobel's new winter collection, which is now being shown daily

PINCHED-out sleeves and a wide empièçement buttoning on either shoulder give an interesting outline to this smart coat and skirt, which is carried out in grey with a two-tone scarf of the same shade. This comes from Peter Robinson, who are showing a large and varied collection of new models in all departments. A catalogue will be sent on request to all interested readers

LIME-green cloth and crêpe-de-Chine make the ensemble shown on the upper left. The cloth coat has a nutria colour and the dress has a belt decorated by stitched appliqués of silver lamé. The lower left-hand figure is wearing a two-tone grey-wool jumper and skirt (the material is one of those new rough woollens which have a hairy surface). A roll of the material finishes the collar and the basque of the jumper, which is tied at the neck by a nasturtium-red velvet scarf. Both these models come from the Maison Ross

The Kent Cob Trophy

Players in Action at Knole Park Club

Alan Cave (Stoke Poges) and R. H. Oppenheimer (Temple) going to the first tee

E. C. Woodhall (Wrotham Heath) snapped with H. Hylton-Foster (Walton Heath)

A. J. N. Young (Sundridge Park), the winner of the Kent Cob Silver Trophy, with a score of 156, less 12, equals 144, and A. R. W. Low (Aberdovey), waiting

D H. R. Martin having a practice shot while Charles Sweeney and A. W. Martin both look on admiringly

J. N. L. Brice and E. H. Hills, both of Rochester and Cobham Park

J. J. F. Penninck (Culverden), the Oxford Blue and last year's winner, third with 149, and J. P. Marston (Frilford Heath)

A. J. Peech (Worplesdon) seen with R. G. Chittenden (Wrotham Heath) leaving

R. L. Sykes (Stoke Poges) and S. P. Jackson (Knole Park) at the second

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" **Caricatures by "Jonk"**

No one has told us any startling "over-the-hills-and-far-away" tales since last week, although a few more holiday-coloured faces have reappeared. News from one home front is of Walter Jacobs: he went to Margate, but soon turned his back on the town. He said he didn't like the people. Anyone who knows Walter will appreciate this remark. Now he's back in his accustomed place in the centre of the rubber market, where, more often than not, he is the object of someone's frivolous attention. The other day, he found, on trying to button his coat across his generously built chest, that a pleat had been taken in the back of it, tailor-fashion, with pins. But he's a good-natured person, and doesn't get angry with his tormentors. He takes his revenge by using his voice freely to advertise his wares.

Walter Jacobs

Turning his back on Margate

Frank Scott is still up in Scotland at the time of writing. He belongs to a small set of huntin' men who get through the tedium of the summer by playing mild polo at Eridge, where there is a very select little club. Among others who play there are George Jessel, Jimmy Royds, Norman Kemp-Gee, and Gerald (Wellington) Williams. They start playing in May, and, unlike the more fashionable London clubs, they play right on to the end of September, indifferent as to whether the ground's as hard as iron or under water.

There's another club at Watford, on Lord Knutsford's land, of much the same type—inexpensive, cheerful, and not too formal—where a lot of people play who are well known out hunting in the Shires. Ashmead Vigors and Philip Cazenove, who hunt with the Pytchley, play there, and so do Peter Cookson, Alec Pilkington, Alastair King, who married one of the Abel Smiths, and Lord Knutsford's son-in-law, Rob Faulconer, who lives down there. They report having had a grand season, at under a pound a time.

A House event long overdue for mention here (blame the holidays) was the presentation by the Managers of an ebony baton, mounted with gold, to Arthur Wrightson, on his retirement from the position of leader of the Stock Exchange when the National Anthem is sung on such occasions as Empire Day and Armistice Day. The mantle of Elijah, so to speak, fell upon him some years ago, when he stepped on the rostrum in succession to the late "Charlie" Clarke, and thus carried on the tradition of leadership, "Charlie" Clarke having been the first to make the position of "leader of public singing" a semi-official one. Mr. Wrightson was for many years a member of the Committee, and did valuable work in connection with the fixing of the scale of rates for commission charges. Another of his interests is the Jersey Boys' Home, which is under the auspices of the House, and in the running of which Mr. Wrightson takes a prominent part.

The other day, a member with a rather hot temper, was sitting at a snack-bar, browsing over his midday evening paper and peacefully finishing his pint of something or other. Before he had done, two hungry lads formed a queue behind him, waiting for his place, and rather pointedly remarked on the length of time some people took over their meals. The hot-tempered one was thereupon heard to say that he was "not going to hurry for a couple of ——— ———s." This insult was immediately avenged, and a black eye for the speaker was the visible sign of the vengeance taken. Later that day, Jack Miles, the energetic honorary secretary of the Boxing Club, was told that So-and-so wanted to become a member. What Mr. Miles was not told was the foregoing story, so he duly, and in all innocence, approached the injured member and offered him a form of application for membership, saying that he had heard that he wanted to take lessons in the noble art.

Sir George Jessel

Summer=polo; winter=hunting

Arthur Wrightson

Leading the Anthem

An authorised clerk to a firm of arbitrage brokers went as a dealer with a firm of jobbers. Shortly after his change-over, a market-slip appeared on his back, bearing the words: "Ask me prices—I'm now a jobber"; under which legend someone added the words: "No change, except loss of amateur status."

A member lately connected by marriage with the plutocracy hopes to find a safe seat soon. What will it look like, and will the House contribute towards defraying its cost?

A member, the appearance of whose dress is not usually his chief recommendation, returned from his holiday so immaculately turned out that the market were asking him what the man said who took the other bag from the beach dressing-room.

A jobber was "picked up" by a broker in the morning. The same broker returned after lunch, and asked the price of another stock. "Don't even know the wrong price," answered the jobber, still rather sore.

Music and all That . . .

Those Solo Recitals

By "Melos"

Left: Richard Tauber, the famous tenor, who is appearing as Schubert in "Lilac Time," which has been revived at Aldwych Theatre, played in the German tongue

Below: Florence Austral, one of the soprano stars of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, which is performing this, the second, week at Golder's Green Hippodrome, prior to embarking on a provincial tour

ONLY the absence of the solo recital in the smaller concert-halls of London prevents one describing the musical season as being in full swing. There is opera by the new Metropolitan Opera Company and by the Sadler's Wells crowd, and there are symphony concerts nightly in "Prom" form. Why recitals should tumble over one another at the rate of two or three a night six days of the week in May, June, and July, and why they cannot be found at all in September is one of the minor mysteries.

What would happen if such fixtures were never to be found again? Precious little, beyond the legitimate chagrin of the proprietors of the smaller concert-halls. But to music generally they are, with a few exceptions, quite unimportant. The ambition of the unknown vocalist or pianist to perform in that region devoted otherwise to medical specialists and chemists' shops is pathetic. "I dreamt that I dwelt in Grotrian Halls" is engraved on the heart of every young student who regards himself or herself as a budding Mark Hambourg, Mischa Elman, Gerhardt, or Suggia.

There is no harm in that; I would not wantonly hint at any discouragement of ambition.

YET what are the facts? Some young person plays or sings quite nicely but rarely more than that. A hall has to be secured, an agent consulted, advertisements paid for, and the Tube stations, etc., plastered with posters. All this costs money, which can probably be ill afforded. Before the date of the concert, friends are importuned to buy tickets, which they are apt to give away, usually to their servants. The genuine sale is almost nil.

The rest of the hall is filled (in the unlikely event of it being filled) with a few bored musical critics who, having several other concerts to attend, stay for about ten minutes and write in their papers half-a-dozen lines either of polite platitudes or of non-committal and incomprehensible jargon (which hardly anyone reads) just because some advertisement space has been taken.

TRYING over the latest batch of Shakespeare songs by Roger Quilter (published by Boosey and Hawkes in one volume), I marvelled that more recognition is not given to this man as one of the finest song-writers in this or any other country, and also that his setting of "O Mistress Mine" was not used, sung by a real singer, in the present Old Vic revival of *Twelfth Night*.

Quilter is clean and archaistic in style, if hardly Tudor. But the musical side of Shakespearean production would be distinctly arid if only contemporary music were used. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for instance, is disappointing without its Mendelssohn, and I am glad that Mr. Sydney Carroll is using Sullivan for part of the incidental music in his present production of *The Tempest*. Sir Oswald Stoll, turning at last to Shakespeare, after the heavy Teutonism of *White Horse Inn* and *Casanova*, has engaged Norman O'Neill to adorn musically *Julius Cæsar*.

TO return to the Old Vic (which, in the literal sense, I do not intend to do until the present revival of *Twelfth Night* has run its course), there were some vague and hidden tinklings which may have been Tudor but were certainly negligible as music. The songs were "sung" by a man whose performance as a Shakespearean clown had something to commend it, but who possessed no trace of singing voice at all. From a management who will engage a Russian dancer to struggle in broken English with the glorious lines of Olivia, any form of nonsense in the way of casting would not come as a surprise. That, however, is not my province.

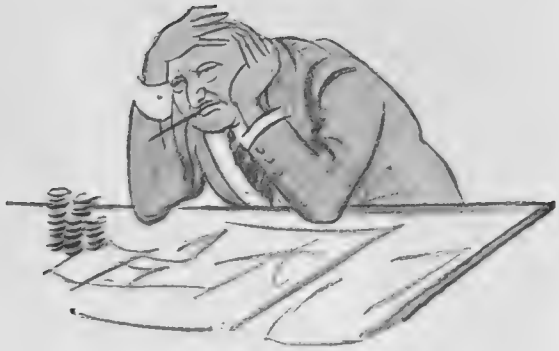
What does the musical side of the Vic-Wells organisation, including Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who is a knowledgeable person, say to this lapse?

THE Metropolitan Opera Company is shedding its newness and settling down; it gave far better performances at Golder's Green than it did at Streatham. In Miriam Licette, for the lighter soprano parts, and in Florence Austral, for Isolde and Brünnhilde, there are two glorious Wagnerian singers, well up to the best German standard.

Miss Austral and Walter Widdop (a good Siegfried) have been working overtime with Wagner, for they have been singing at the "Proms" also. Their success is beyond question.

From your non-resisting body and hip-walk (golf being your own particular walk in life), Mr. Henry Longhurst, at the eighteenth I thought you had broken 68 instead of 86. I don't like the way you shank your feet these days

You are quite right, Mr. Marston, in waving your putter above the head when missing a short one. Most players I know throw it away with a stiff right arm



If I might say so, Mr. A. W. Martin, your position and mental attitude are almost perfect for working out 5-16ths of the last nine holes. Most secretaries I know have the nasty habit of gripping the pen with the tonsils overlapping

Don't shut the face addressing the ball, Lt.-Com. McMaster; it 's not good enough. I prefer the open face of your partner, A. P. W. Boxley, which allows a much better verbal follow through

With a good deal of your weight below the belt, Mr. "Robin" Mays-Smith, you are in a position to hit the ball backwards. I do not like the interlocking knees nor fraternising toes. Try and knit your hips closer together—if you can

Yes, Mr. Pim, I do like your No. 1, but I find your No. 2 comes down far too quickly on one. This starts the body-roll too soon. The result is you are not able to hit the real ball of the two. If you were to shorten your length and lengthen your swing you would do better

Your weight and balance, Mr. John Morrison, are beautifully distributed, and the left hand is doing all the work. I know you to have a grand follow through, but to get them right down the middle I should like to see the right hand more open, waiting for another

"So That 's What I Do!"

Knowledge for the Knole Park Competitors by our Kent Cobbler, H. H. Harris

With acknowledgments to George Duncan in our enterprising stable-mate, "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic"

The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring

Where Progress Lags: A Plea for Accessibility

It must be difficult, at the present season for anyone to read through a motoring article without being informed, almost in every other line, how great is the progress which the motor industry is making towards the ideal of a sound, cheap, simple and trouble-free family car. Never before, the public is given to understand, has development been so impressive, or approached this ideal so closely.

In many respects, such enthusiastic propaganda may be fully justified. It would be foolish, however, to close one's eyes to the fact that, in certain directions, motoring progress still moves as slowly as it has ever done. Indeed, it is possible to find individual features in which the 1934 model may positively be inferior to cars of much earlier vintage.

An example of this is to be seen in the matter of accessibility. A time will come when these new cars must age. Small repairs will become necessary; slight adjustments will be called for. Will the owner-driver then be substantially better off than he was five or ten years ago? Personally, I greatly doubt it.

For many years now I have been in the habit of giving an annual overhaul to my own car. A few weeks ago, I tackled this business in the interests of my latest possession, a 1933 light car. Quite seriously, I think I encountered more minor difficulties on this occasion than when, in 1923, I set out to overhaul my original two-seater.

For example, in 1923 it only took me twenty seconds to remove my car's entire bonnet—the necessary first step towards decarbonising the engine. This year, the same job took me as many minutes. After some ineffectual effort, I had to refer to the instruction book, which informed me—in the naïve manner of its kind—that, to remove the bonnet of the car in question, I must begin by slackening several nuts, with a view to shifting the radiator bodily from its normal position!

When I had accomplished this laborious business, I was able to survey my next job, the removal of the cylinder-head. The engine soon proved to be of the "compact" variety—so compact as to make it necessary for innumerable subsidiary parts to be removed before there could be any prospect of the cylinder-head being lifted. The dynamo, the electric-horn, the inlet and exhaust manifolds—all these had to be laboriously removed before any progress could be made. As always, many of the nuts and bolts provided individual problems, through being of odd sizes, and so placed that it was difficult to get a spanner to them.

Apart from the matter of decarbonisation, I encountered several assorted set-backs. For instance, it occurred to me that the gear-box oil-level should be checked. I therefore proceeded to lift the front floor-boards—a seemingly trivial task.

A carpet of complicated shape had first to be removed. This was relatively easy. Then came an under-felt, rather more complicated still, and fitting close round the pedals. This delayed me; but not for very long. Finally, I got down to a strip of metal flooring. This—believe it or not—was most complicated of all, and was held down by no fewer than six or eight long screws, complete with washers. It took me, in all, a good twenty minutes to remove and replace these obstructions—apart from the time occupied in assuring myself that the gear-box, after all, was in perfectly adequate order!

I must confess that this discouraged me. In the first car which I owned, it was merely necessary to pull out one old mat. One could then reach a loosely-fitted piece of boarding. Putting one's finger through a convenient hole, one could pull up the latter, immediately revealing the gear-box, with its dip-stick. In three or four minutes, one could make one's inspection and replace the whole outfit.

The question is, have we progressed? Which is the better plan—to have neat, draught-proof floor-boards, obstructing all access to the gear-box, or to have quickly removable floor-boards, of the old-fashioned, rough-and-ready type? Similarly, is it better to have a "compact" engine, looking and behaving like a neatly-arranged jig-saw puzzle, or to have an "untidy" engine, with its sprawling component parts all more or less accessible to the non-acrobatic wielder of a spanner?

True progress, as I see it, would consist of combining the merits of both systems. For instance, it should not be impossible to devise really efficient draught-proof floor-boards and at the same time to contrive that the gear-box dip-stick should protrude through a small aperture next door to the gear-lever. In the same way, the gear-box filler-cap might either protrude above the floor-boards, or be located directly underneath a small, quickly movable trap-door. Curiously enough, I have never seen such an arrangement made.

As to accessible engines, the best example I have lately seen was fitted to a very cheap make of car. In the latter case, a very excellent feature was that practically the whole power unit could be dismantled with the aid of two ordinary double-ended spanners. Unfortunately, such consideration for the amateur mechanic is the exception rather than the rule.

To do justice to the modern car-designer, some improvement has certainly been made in the accessibility of oil and grease nipples. I particularly like the new system of arranging such nipples in small groups, conveniently located. Cause for complaint arises rather when certain adjustments are required, such as the checking of valve tappet clearances, or the inspection of carburettor jets.

The truth is, of course, that designers, rather naturally, are apt to think more of the neat and clean appearance of a car when new, than of its convenience or otherwise when subject to the possible ailments of age. Accessibility remains an uninspiring feature, and thus lags behind in the march of development.

A Vauxhall "Light-Six" in sylvan surroundings. High praise for the ease of handling and smoothness of this type was expressed by experienced women drivers during the recent Continental tests

The latest free-wheel Wolseley "Hornet," which has a very complete equipment, and is priced at £215. In the week following the announcement of their new models the orders received by Wolseley Motors were more than double those of the corresponding week last year

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

THE other evening strange sounds shook the rafters of Claridges, if, indeed, there are rafters to be shaken in so aristocratic an hotel. The sound, it seemed to me, was pleasant and salutary; it proceeded from the throat of Maurice Leyland, the Yorkshire cricketer, who was singing "On Ilkla Moor Ba'Tat," most excellent of songs, and singing it extremely well. Such a song has never before been sung in Claridges, I 'll be bound, and those who heard it wished that it could be sung more often.

Leyland was one of a little party of cricketers bidding farewell to Mr. Arthur Sims, popular patron of New Zealand cricket: the Gilligan brothers were there, and A. P. F. Chapman, and Leslie Ames, and Herbert Sutcliffe, and a most agreeable party it was.

Ames told me, incidentally, that in Sydney he played snooker against the greatest performer at that game in the world. This was Horace Lindrum—nephew, I believe, of Walter Lindrum—and he certainly must be a crackerjack, for he broke the pyramid, Ames put down a red, and Horace then proceeded to sink the rest of the balls in one fell break. Ames is not alone in his opinion of Horace Lindrum, for Melbourne Inman also considers him the greatest exponent of snooker the world has ever seen. I can only say that if he is better than our Joe Davis, he is supernatural, and a magician.

AT the moment things are not too bright in billiards circles. The public, so Walter Lindrum told me before he left for Africa and the East, seem to be tired of the way the changes are rung on the familiar players, and tired also of big breaks.

RATHER an interesting sidelight on this occurred last week, when Harry Stevenson, the old champion, played Sidney Smith. There were no record breaks—indeed, breaks ranged very small—but this seemed to please spectators, who came in relatively large numbers to see Stevenson making his seventies and eighties and hundreds with all his old artistry. The truth is that huge breaks are dull, and that they are killing billiards as a spectacle. It is sad to think that by their very skill the professional players are spoiling their own game; but there it is, and there will have to be some fresh ideas introduced to arouse new interest.

MAURICE TURNBULL, who is now secretary of the Glamorganshire Cricket Club, tells me that on Thursday he is taking a "Rugger" side, which consists mainly of Internationals, to play against a team collected by F. Instone, who has secured Tom Brown, England's full-back, Jimmy Reeve, of the Harlequins, T. E. Jones-Davies and other good players. This match will take place in the evening, and the proceeds will go towards enabling the Glamorgan Cricket Club to discover and train a fast bowler for the county side.

THIS is interesting, both because of Glamorgan's intention to find a fast bowler—and there must be many potential Larwoods in the valleys of South Wales—and because it is a further example of co-operation between the organisers of our great national games. Glamorgan, like other counties, are hard up, I 'm afraid, but they will be cheered by the news from Melbourne that the Australian Board of Control will sanction the tour to England next summer.

DESPITE all the rumours, the threats, the ultimatums, we shall have our Test Matches, simply because neither England nor the Australians can afford to do without them. And next summer's tour should be a bumper success, from the gate-money point of view, after the controversies which have plagued us recently.

NOW, I 've just space to express my surprise at the value Larry Gains sets upon his Empire heavy-weight boxing championship. Gains demands a purse of £5000 for his proposed fight with Jack Petersen, but he certainly will not be paid anything like that amount. The size of the purse is determined by the popularity and drawing power of the boxers; the raw novice, Doyle, was guaranteed £5000 when he met Petersen, because there was strong public interest in the clash between these youngsters. Even so, the promoters of that contest made very little money, and it is highly improbable that such purses will be offered again. Personally, I doubt whether a match between Gains and Petersen would prove really attractive. Gains at his best is a beautiful boxer; but lately he has given the impression that he is past his best—that he is on the slide, as they say, like Jack Sharkey, who was hammered so unmercifully the other day by King Levinsky.

Now, if Levinsky could be persuaded to think in reasonable terms of his value, and would come over here to meet Petersen, we should have a fight worth watching.

I NOTE, by the way, that the National Boxing Association in America has produced a ranking list of boxers which recognises Jackie Brown as World's Flyweight Champion, but places Kid Berg among the welters, and fourth on the list at that.

The N.B.A. also surprises us by naming no runner-up to Jimmy McLarnin for the middleweight crown, and no challenger among the light-heavies to Maxie Rosenbloom, though Rosenbloom is by no means a great champion.

J. Burke (Lahinche) and Dr. J. D. McCormack (Tralee), competitors in the Irish Amateur Open Golf Championship at Newcastle, Co. Down. The former was beaten in the fourth round and the latter in the fifth

British Cricketers v. All-Philadelphia

Members of the Vandals Rugby and Cricket Club, of Cambridge University, who played the All-Philadelphia eleven at Germantown. Left to right, front row: R. O. M. Evers, H. F. W. Holmes, Captain P. M. Heywood, and W. A. R. Sumner. Back row: F. St. G. Unwin, R. H. Strachan, M. T. Maw, R. W. Skene, B. G. Wennick, R. C. A. Brandran, and M. Gillespie

Dear Reader, this will introduce you to floodlight football as played at the White City by London Highfield—

—and this, Dear Reader, will introduce you to the Referee just going up and introducing Dear Player to the floodlight

North comes South

An Impression of Rugby League Football by Floodlight

By Gerard Fairlie

Black and White City Sketches by H. H. Harris

Mr. Fairlie's views on "Soccer" and the rival codes of "Rugger" are his own. Having given him his head, we commend him to the tender mercies of the R.U.—Editor

Even greyhounds have gone football mad and are now trying with the hare

Also, the White City waiters are charging

THE Northern Union form of Rugby football has come south to London, through the energetic enthusiasm of General Critchley. More than that, interest, which in any case would be large (sixty thousand people were at Wembley early this year to see the final of the Rugby League Cup), is focussed on this new venture by floodlight at the White City. London actually possesses its very own Rugby League team, which is known as London Highfield; and which boasts of original colours in yellow and blue, colours which should be an inspiration at least to the wing three-quarters, since they savour—almost smack—of the Greyhound Racing Association.

THERE are many things which may be said about Northern Union "Rugger"; but only the purists can suggest anything derogatory. They may, perhaps, insinuate that a game which is professional is not so good as a game which is purely amateur. Only for the purposes of argument, let us assume that this highly snobbish point of view is reasonably accurate, and let us come back with a question: surely it is better to be an out-and-out amateur or an out-and-out professional than something which may most aptly be described as a shamamateur? For "purist" read "Rugby Union official," and remember one most damning fact: the Rugby Union autocratically forbids its delicate amateurs to play with nasty, rough professionals in any Rugby League match. I should have thought that Rugby Union players would have resented the implication; I know that in other days, when I was playing quite a lot, *I* did.

Let us go back a little—to 1894, if you want to be exact. Well, in that year the Salford Club was suspended from the English Union because of what was then called "veiled professionalism." Immediately the leading clubs of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Cumberland withdrew from the English Union in a body, and, in forming the Northern Union, they introduced semi-professionalism as one of the fundamental rules of their own League.

It was never intended, however, to develop a full professional League. Those who were so financially fortunate as not to require assistance from the clubs were welcomed then and are welcomed now—if good enough. A clause in the rules stipulated that a player must be employed a certain number of days in the week before he was allowed to play, because there was never any intention of paying a weekly wage to players—a man was to be compensated for loss of time at his work when called upon to play for his team, and that was all. But it was just that which led to the split in the English Rugby Union, and these ideas are still practically in force to-day.

There have been many alterations in the actual rules of the game since the Northern Union was formed, and it is claimed by

(Continued on page 586)

Mr. Jock Orton

Some of the Enthusiasts

Mr. Percy Fender

Mr. Bevil Rudd

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"BUILT TO PUBLIC DEMAND"

Mr. Tom Webster smoking his annual

North comes South

(*Continued from page 584*)

Rugby League enthusiasts that the League game as it is now played is vastly superior to the ordinary game as played, say, at Twickenham. Now, I hope that I may be forgiven for claiming to be an absolutely impartial judge on this point. I played "Rugger" all my playing life, with about three games of "Soccer" per season as refreshment. I loved "Rugger," and it was a bitter blow when a Midland player and my knee conspired together to stop my active days. But in just under a year I had given up going to watch the games at Twickenham and was a confirmed professional "Soccer" fan. Infuriating as they frequently are in front of goal, I got—and get—great fun in watching Chelsea. Now, this is not because I think "Soccer" is a better game to play—I don't. If I had my football days over again, I should play "Rugger" and revel in it. It is because I am sure that "Soccer" is an infinitely better spectacle *to watch*.

WHAT has all this got to do with the Rugby League and the Rugby Union? Just this: "Rugger," as played by these lads of the Northern Union, is as good a game to watch—as good, if not better—as is professional "Soccer." Go on . . . ask me why, because I want to tell you.

Present-day "Rugger" is just darned boring. It is so slow, so inept. It is almost entirely ruined by constant infringements which lead to very collapsible scrums. You hardly ever see the ball. But it has always been the intention of those framing the rules of the Rugby League to keep the game open, to dramatise the play, and to develop the individual skill of each player as well as to encourage the team spirit.

This has been done—remarkably successfully—in this manner. In the first place, there are only thirteen a-side, the missing two being forwards. Thus the scrums are only six a-side, and the men pack three-two-one. Most important of all, the scrum half, having fed the ball to the scrum, must retire immediately behind it, and he is not allowed to advance beyond the last man in the scrum until the ball emerges. And—Twickenhamites, please note—the hooker may not get down on his knees. That is a tremendous difference, to start with, and there are others—all conducive to fast, open play, but it is all so easy to pick up quickly, because you can *see* everything.

AND at the White City, under floodlight, it 's just a grand game. London Highfield already has many fans, and I am certainly one of them. It is a great arena, and an original way of presenting it. No darkening shadows as the game goes on—the power is constant. No worry whether the game will be finished before darkness, for by floodlight you can see as well from first minute to the last. Which is as well, for Jack Maloney might take it into his head to wait until that last minute for one of his electrifying runs. And I should simply hate to miss that.

Mr. Francis Gentle may here be observed getting rough

Perhaps we shall see General Critchley in a special floodlight hat

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In the New Shades for the Season

Balloon Sleeves

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Ruching provide the shoulder interest to this velvet coat, which also features the new balloon sleeves; lined silk, it is extremely moderate in price. In black, mulberry, oyster, Spanish olive, sapphire, etc.

49/6

. . .

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. . .

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29/6

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'Plane Talk of the Day

Mr. Gwynne Johns jumping from an aeroplane at 6000 feet and doing a "delayed drop" of 3500 feet—falling at the rate of 150 m.p.h.—before opening his parachute. He is looking at his stop-watch in his right hand

By Captain C. E. Ward

Passengers Who Prefer the Air-Way

More than 12,000 passengers passed through Croydon Airport last month, en route to or from foreign countries. H.R.H. Princess Ingrid of Sweden travelled home by the Scandinavian Air Express; General Smuts flew back to South Africa by the Imperial Air Mail; Sir Pirrie and Lady Van Ryneveld took the same route, whilst amongst other well-known travellers by the British line were the Fairbankses (father and son), Mrs. Rosita Forbes, and Herr Werner Krauss, the German actor. The French "Golden Clipper" is an undoubted success, taking an average time of a little more than 1¼ hours for the air part of the journey between London and Paris. "Air France," the new national combine of all the French companies, has picked the best brains to direct its operations, and much-improved aircraft and service is to be expected on the long-distance French routes in future. The lines to Marseilles, connecting with others to Spain and North Africa, and to the Riviera, will be provided with faster multi-engined machines. Difficulties between Italy, France, and England over the air connection to Greece, Egypt, and the East should be overcome next year, when a considerable boom in air transport is to be expected in that direction. During the winter months the Rhône Valley suffers from a good deal of bad flying weather, but once Marseilles has been reached, conditions improve and the Mediterranean crossing can be effected by flying-boats without undue risk on most days during that season.

Air Travel to Russia

Russia is surely one of the most interesting countries in the world of to-day, for the reason that so little is known about the life of the people—less than that of the Patagonians or the head-hunters of New Guinea. Whatever personal opinions are held about Communism or its régime in Russia, thousands of people would like to visit the country, but are prevented by the magnitude of the journey and the low standard of travel facilities. By air, Russia is two days' distant for a private owner, but such restrictions are imposed on journeys of this kind and so little information is available about aerodromes and obtaining weather reports, that few Britishers have gone that way. The principal connection by air-line is via Berlin and Konigsburg, the latter's airport being used by Deruluft, a German-Russian combine which connects the two countries. The visit to Russia of M. Pierre Cot, the young French Air-Minister, accompanied by the pilots Codos and Rossi, in their machine which was used to capture the world's long-distance record for France, is of special significance, because France wishes to establish closer air-travel relations with Russia and to sound a possible market for her aviation equipment. The interest of Great Britain, as the leading exporting country of aircraft and engines, in that possible market, is even greater than that of France, but only isolated attempts have been made by individual manufacturers to interest the Russians in our products. Even an unofficial visit by private owners able to afford the time and the money for the journey, and by test pilots from some of our factories with some spectacular machines, would be of great value at the present juncture.

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THE TIMES

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Ask for "BP" ETHYL

(Not just "Ethyl")

Dr. H. W. Phillips, President of the City and Suburban Canine Society, with his English setters, Mardy Jack and Mardy Johnny Boy, winners of the Brace prize at the Society's recent show at Tattersalls

The Doggy World

Why Pedigree Pups are Expensive

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I am sure that the ordinary "lay" public often feels sore over the prices asked for puppies, but I can explain matters a little if you read this article and realise that, so to speak, I can see both sides of the case.

To begin with, we breeders have to spend quite a lot of time and money in answering enquiries and also in taking and sending photographs of stock for sale. Do we often get an answer? No; and if we do, as likely as not we are told: "The price is too high; I only want a pet."

Now, very few genuine breeders breed "pet stock," because, if you are like myself (and there are many of us), dog-breeding is a hobby and not a commercial enterprise, and we don't breed primarily to sell, but for the fun of winning in competition and also to improve our chosen breed. We have to pay a fairly high stud fee (probably not less than five guineas, and it may be ten), and we have to feed the puppies well and look after them carefully (which probably means keeping a kennelman or paying somebody else extra wages). Now, at three months old, these puppies are all potential winners in the show ring, and they are not worth less than ten guineas to us, who have bred them, because we cannot tell yet which will be the best. Yet you expect to buy one of them for three guineas as a pet? You see, it isn't logical.

But now wait awhile and listen. Supposing that my hypothetical litter is six months old. I have probably decided which is the best and which I intend to keep. From a show point of view, the others do not interest me, yet they are well worth the while of the ordinary buyer to acquire, because they carry good blood and have been carefully reared. I am probably quite pleased to take four guineas for the "cast-offs."

You may say: "Why not a pound or so, if they are of no use to you?"; and, like Hiawatha, I will answer, "I will tell you": because I do not wish them to fall into the hands of dealers. My dogs are my pets and my dears, and I would rather give the ones I do not want to a friend than let them fall into the hands of just anybody. And I consider that four guineas is not too much for anybody to pay for a perfectly-reared dog.

So, you will see, there is reason in the prices asked by genuine breeders who make it a hobby, not a business.

Again, there is the case of the would-be buyer who wishes to procure a puppy to show. He or she comes along and takes a fancy to the best puppy, and is surprised that it is so expensive. Probably I (or any other breeder) have raised the price so as to keep the puppy myself, because no puppy has the same chance of turning out a success when shown and kept by a novice. (Not because of any favouritism, but because they haven't the experience.) It is a gamble, of course, but one puts on a high price, and if the other people want to take on the gamble, they have to pay for it.

Occasionally, of course, one breeds a litter deliberately just for "pets," particularly if a breed is "going very well," and then they probably are sold for about 3½ guineas. They are pedigree pups, of course, but not potential champions.

So now you understand.

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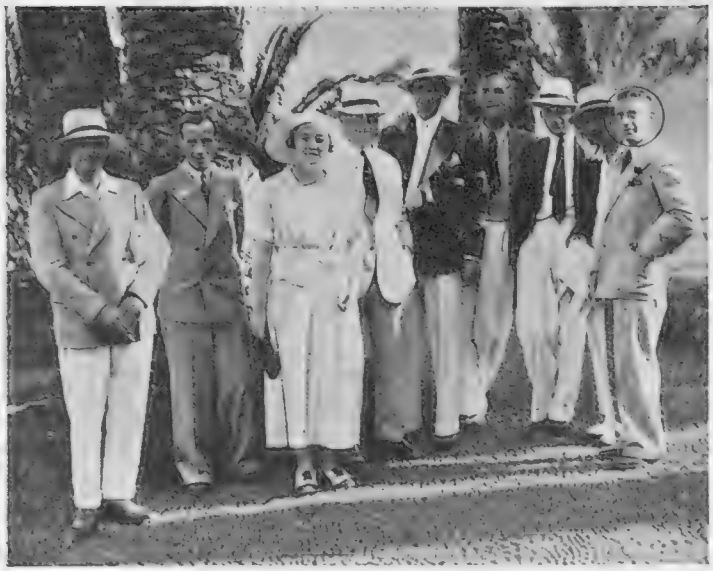

The twelfth of the twenty "Bystander" Cruise photographs, taken during the Red Star liner, s.s. Lapland's, call at Madeira. The passenger circled, when he discovers himself, gets a lucky guinea if he writes to claim it, giving name and address

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS (SALAD OF NUTS)

*

CONSOMMÉ

*

ORLYS OF OYSTERS

*

ROAST GOOSE

*

ICED CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

*

CHEESE AND TOMATO TOAST

*

DESSERT COFFEE

Salad of Nuts

CRACK some Brazil nuts and cut the kernels into three or four pieces. Take an equal quantity of crisp and shredded celery. Mix together and dress with mayonnaise sauce. Pile in the centre of a salad bowl, and garnish with sliced tomato or beetroot.

Orlys of Oysters

BLANCHE some large oysters, press them slightly between two dishes till cold, then slit them open without quite severing them; squeeze a little lemon juice inside, and fold the oysters together again. Dip them in some frying batter, and fry in hot fat till they are crisp; drain, and pile them up high on paper, and garnish with fried parsley. The sauce to be served with the oysters should be made as follows: Take two tablespoonsful of chopped mushrooms, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the same quantity of chopped shallots, a head of garlic, a bay leaf, a pinch of spice, salt, and pepper. Warm up in fresh butter, moisten with white wine, reduce it, and pass through a sieve. Stir into it a little white thickening, and it is ready to serve.

Roast Goose

SINGE and draw a tender goose. Next prepare a sage-and-onion stuffing made as follows: chop finely 2 oz. of beef suet, add to it 2 oz. to 3 oz. of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs, one teaspoonful of powdered sage. Peel and parboil a large-sized onion, chop it up finely, and add to the above. Mix well and moisten with sufficient cold milk to bind the mixture. Season with salt, pepper, and very little nutmeg. Fill the goose with this, close both ends (sew up with thin twine), truss the bird, cover the breast with fat bacon, and cook in the usual way, allowing about twenty minutes to the pound; baste frequently. When done, untruss the goose and dish it up. Pour off the fat from the roasting-tin, put a little stock into the tin, season, boil up, and strain the gravy over the bird. Serve with apple sauce.

Cheese and Tomato Toast

RUB through a sieve a large ripe tomato. Grate 2 oz. of cheese, add the yolk of an egg or a little cream, a pinch of sugar, salt, and pepper. Make it very hot, and serve on rounds of toast.

The Editor's Box

The Water-Splash, near St. Albans

In an article published some weeks ago on road-houses and country hotels, no mention was made of one of the latest and most popular of these places—The Water-Splash—which lies on the main road between Barnet and St. Albans. The chief attractions here are the delightful house, shown in the photograph above, and, of course, the swimming-pool, which is one of the prettiest of the open-air baths, with a wireless "laid on" to supply a musical accompaniment. The pool is equipped with the most up-to-date filtration plant, where the water is scientifically tested each day, so that those who have felt alarmed by the complaints of a section of the Press as to the purity of the water in such pools can here forget their fears.

His Serene Highness, Prince Hans Heinrich XV. Fürst von Pless, has been taking the cure at Bad Nauheim, and was photographed outside the Jeschkes Grand Hotel

A Pair of Spectacles

Since spectacles were first prescribed as an aid to sight, the shape of the lenses has varied with the centuries, from circle to half-circle, from square to octagon. Fashion rather than scientific research has been the deciding factor. To-day, fashion, represented by the circular lens, and science, represented by the "Perimet" lens, compete for the attention of the be-spectacled world. The "Perimet" lens is so-called because it is scientifically shaped to conform to the normal perimetric field of vision. It thus gives the wearer an area of sight to which the frame seems to set no bounds, and since fashion rules that frames are made of the rather conspicuous tortoiseshell, this is an immeasurable advantage. The actual shape of the normal field of vision being determined by the formation of the facial features, the fact that the lens follows this exact shape automatically gives a close fit to the spectacles. This increased comfort in actual wearing, added to the much-increased field of vision, makes these lenses invaluable to those who wear spectacles for outdoor activities, games, motoring, flying and so on. "Perimet" spectacles were designed and originated by C. Davis Keeler, 47, Wigmore Street, W.1.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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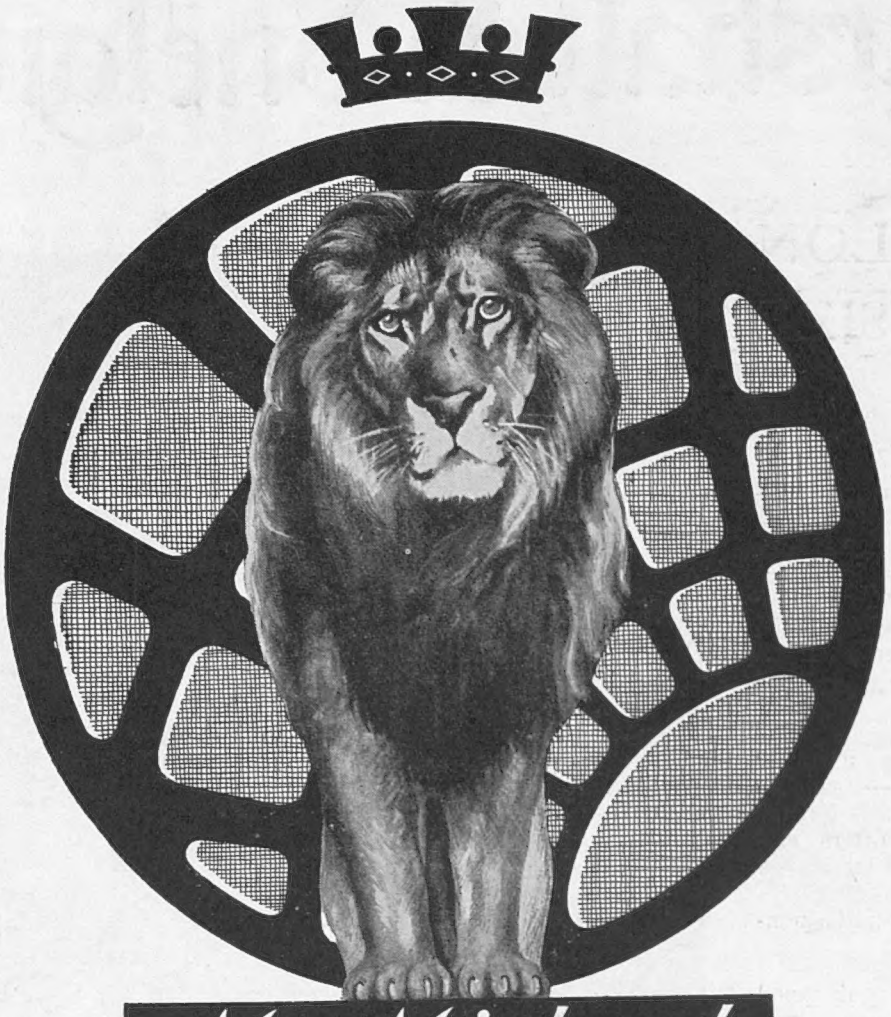

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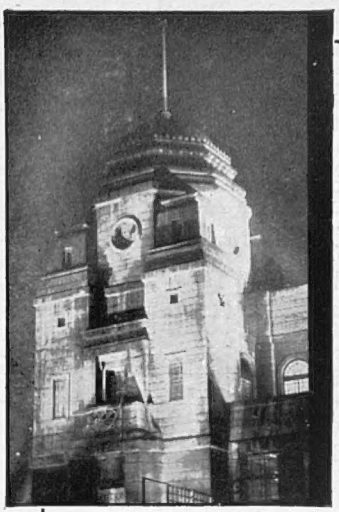

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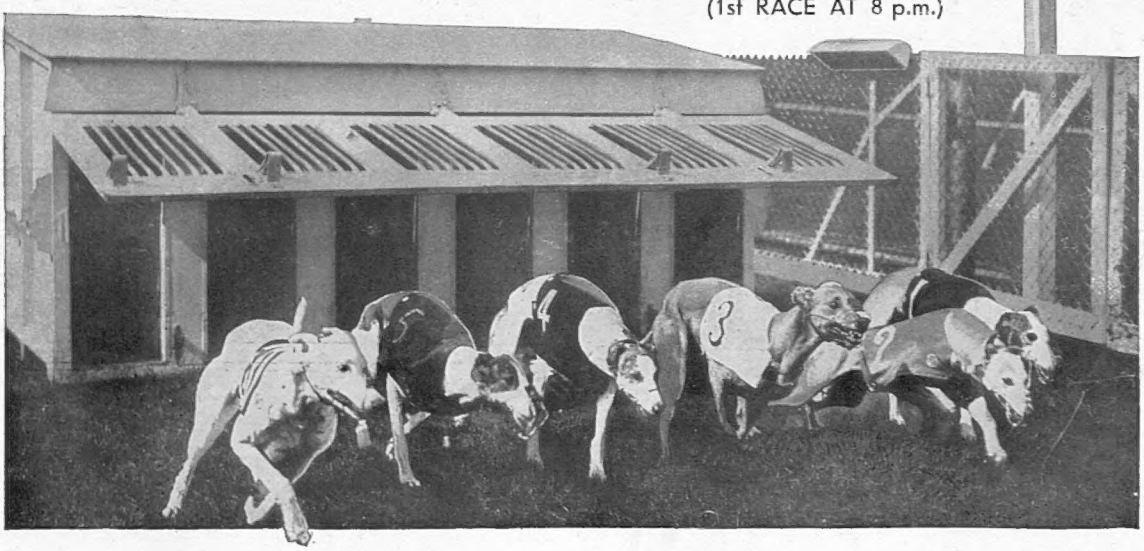

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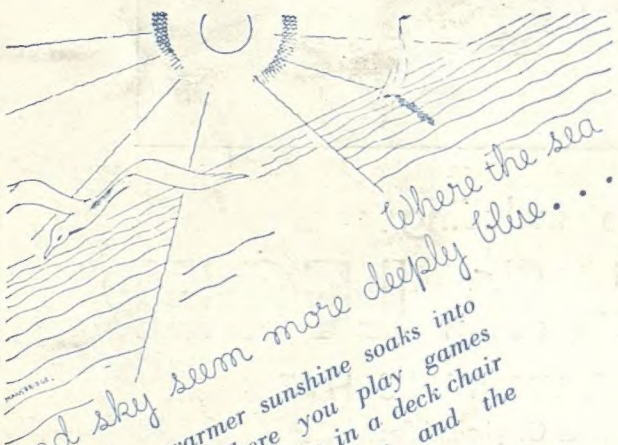

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